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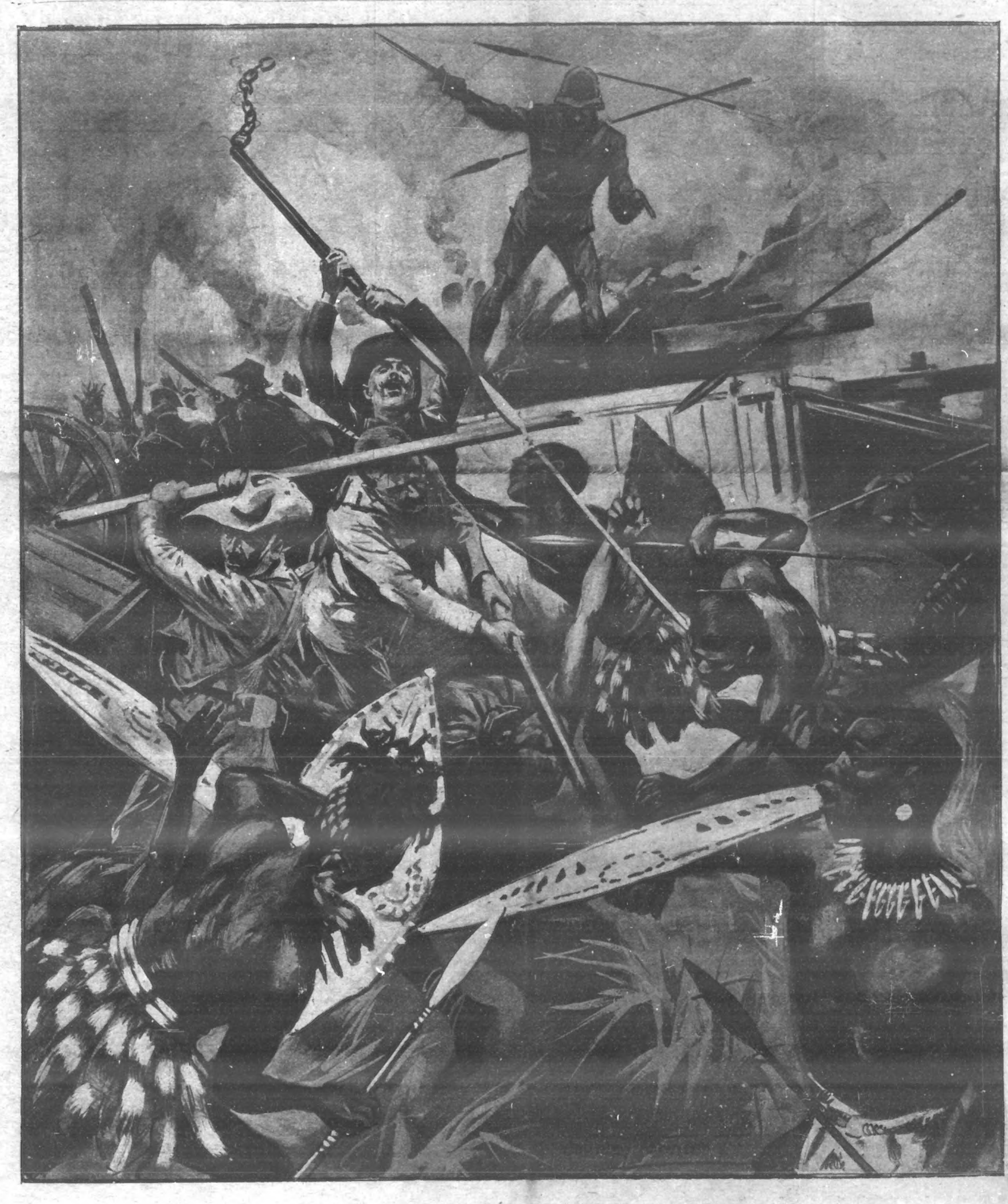

THE RISING IN NATAL—A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT.

Last week a convoy of twenty-eight waggons was attacked by five hundred rebels on Monday evening, near the Tugela. Another hand-to-hand encounter took place. The natives showed great courage, and it was a somewhat narrow escape for our men, the Cape boys deserting the waggon teams. Forming laager, the waggons were capsized, and posts and broken poles were used by troopers as clubs when the fight was hottest. One Colonial was killed and forty natives.

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The best proof of the confidence that is placed in Seeger's is that its annual sale is ten times that of all foreign Hair Dyes collectively. Seeger's is medically certified harmless, is permanent and washable. Trial bottle, 7d., post free; in cases, 2/-. State shade required.
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Brimful of nourishment

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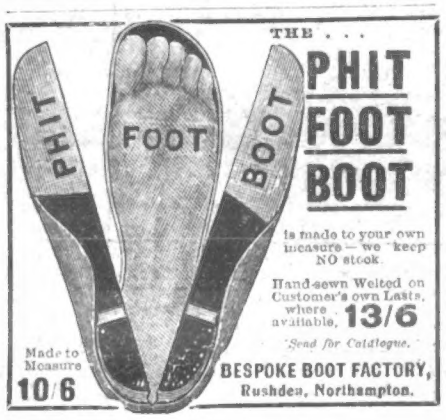

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Chamberlain Day.

Birmingham's celebration on Saturday of Mr. Chamberlain's seventieth birthday should live in history. It was the greatest birthday party the world has ever seen—a party of more than half a million people.

It was the most colossal democratic rejoicing which one man's birthday has ever occasioned. It was a birthday party in which the entire city and its suburbs were the eager hosts, every man, woman, and child of whom vied with each other in doing honour to Mr. Chamberlain. It was a family party of all the people of Birmingham of every description, with their cousins and neighbours of Aston and Handsworth thrown in.

It was an unparalleled demonstration of admiration and affection for one man. It was possible nowhere but in Birmingham, for no other man is so completely identified with any city as is Mr. Chamberlain with Birmingham. No other city has given its heart to one man so unreservedly as Birmingham has given its heart to Mr. Chamberlain.

The demonstration was as unprecedented as it was enthusiastic and all-embracing. The population of Birmingham arrayed itself in two deep lines fourteen or fifteen miles long, and Mr. Chamberlain motored between the lines, continuously cheered, continuously welcomed with waving hands, hats, handkerchiefs, flowers, and flags, continuously greeted with shouts of "Bravo, Joe!" whether from the ironworkers and brasscasters of the industrial quarters or from the wealthier inhabitants of Edgbaston.

Photo, Topical.

THE KING AS A RUSSIAN OFFICER: King Edward is Colonel of the Preobrajensky Regiment, whose mutiny has apparently been taken deeply to heart by the Tsar. According to a St. Petersburg telegram the Tsar had the men paraded, and before their eyes tore up his uniform as honorary colonel-in-chief of the regiment.

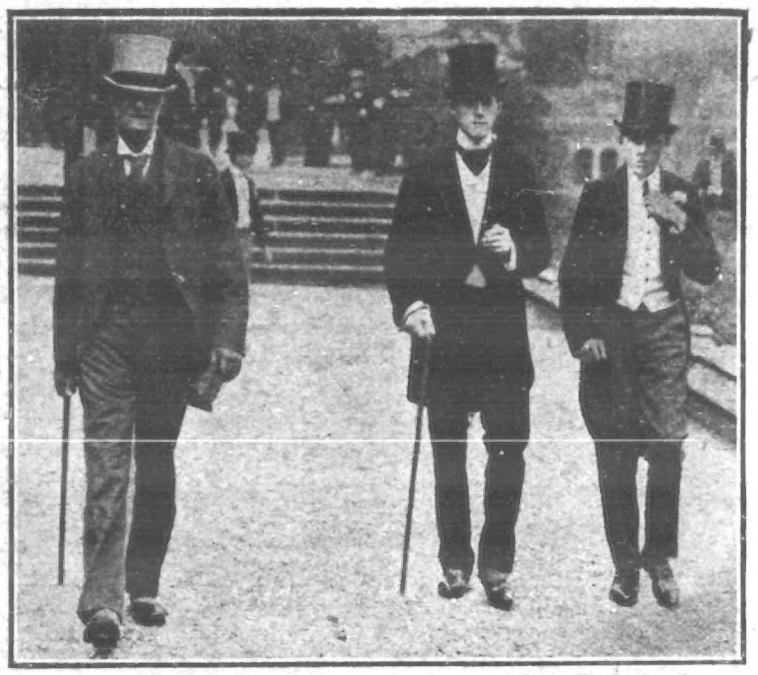
That was the great and memorable feature of the day. It was quite democratic. Everybody was there; everybody took part; everybody shouted "Many happy returns"; everybody smiled on Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain, and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain smiled on everybody. The Liberals were infected with enthusiasm. There were no poor relations, so to say, standing in the background. In that wonderful exhibition of the democracy's gratitude and trust and personal affection every man was equal, and equally anxious to make Mr. Chamberlain happy.

All Birmingham stood shoulder to shoulder to salute its veteran citizen. All Birmingham rejoiced in the man who made modern Birmingham, and for thirty years in Parliament has made Birmingham the most powerful of political cities. Birmingham on Saturday presented an unexampled picture of the absolute unity of a great city. It was one clan, and it shouted with one voice all down the miles of its holiday array. All the seven divisions of Birmingham and their neighbours, Aston and Handsworth, cried aloud one after another, "Long life to Mr. Chamberlain. Bravo, Joe!"

It was a great jubilee, an unprecedented outpouring of civic patriotism, a veritable Roman holiday, except that in the train of its victorious citizen, to whom the triumph was accorded, there rode not the captives of a campaign, but the members of his own family and his political bodyguard.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain rode at the head of a two-mile procession of eighty flower-decked motor-cars. All the members of his family, most, if not all of the members of Parliament for the city, and most of the guests at the Lord Mayor's banquet, braved the clouds of dust raised by the army of motor-cars, and followed in the wake of the hero of the day.

Thousands of people assembled in six of the widely-separated city parks, and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain and the other two or three hundred processionists in the eighty motor-cars made a tour of all of them, passing on the way through the heart of the city, and then in a wide circle through nearly all the suburbs.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

SPEECH DAY AT HARROW: Amongst other distinguished visitors to Harrow on the occasion of the Harrow Speech Day was Mr. Justice Channell, who is seen on the left of the photograph. He is an old Harrovian, and went down to see his son.

Her Life for Her Child's.

Mrs. T. B. Price, a young married woman of Neath, gave her life for her child's on Saturday evening.

Her boy of four fell into the canal while trying to gather water-lilies, and she jumped in after him. She threw him on the bank, but was unable to save herself.

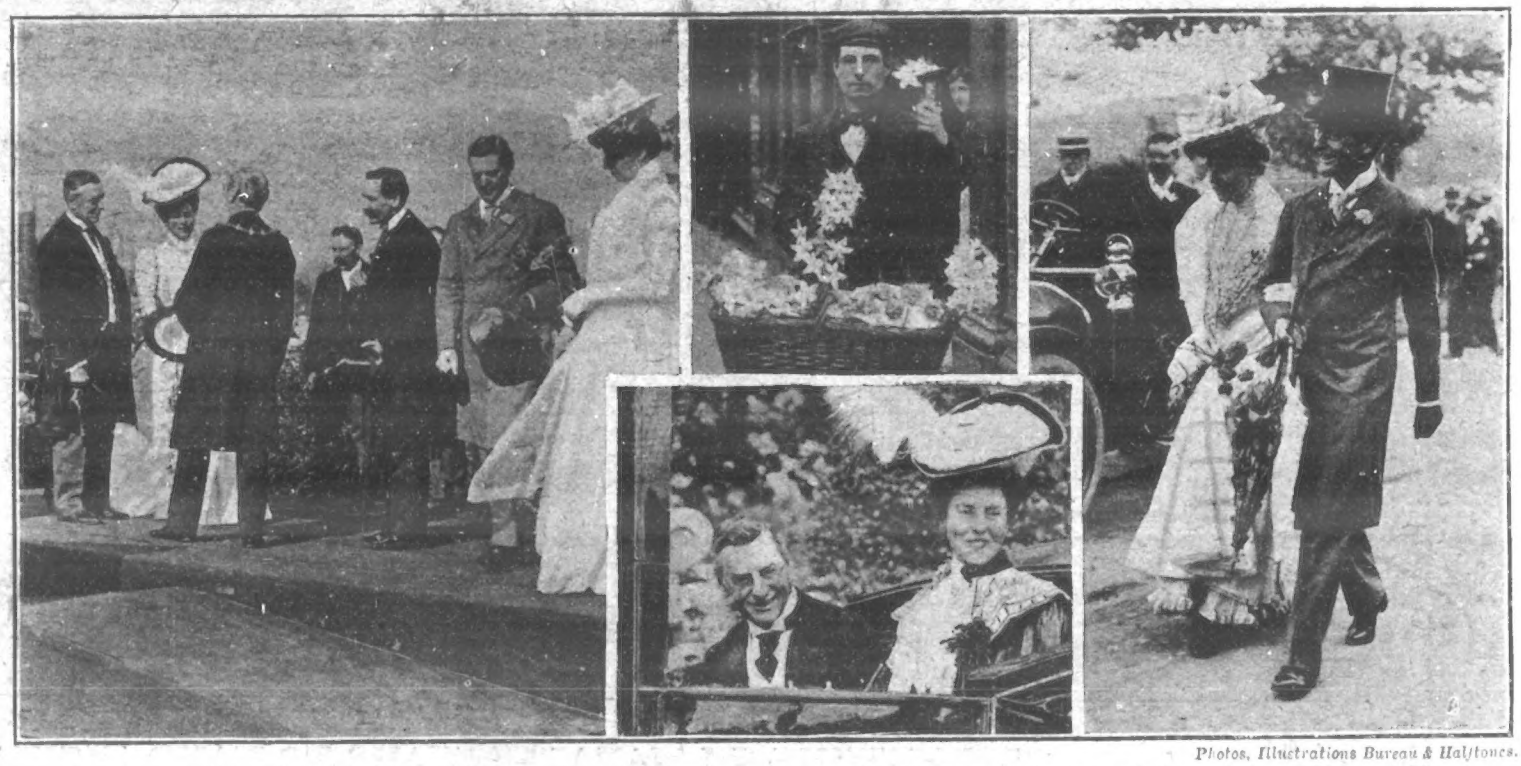
The child, in his terror, crawled into the water again, but was rescued by a man who rushed to the spot on hearing Mrs. Price's cries. He was too late, however, to save her.

Miss Eliza James jumped into the water at Hanham on Saturday to rescue a lad of six. She was unsuccessful, and was taken out of the water utterly exhausted.

Peter Lamb and William Hawkins lost their lives in a boating accident in the Crossby Channel, Liverpool.

They went out from Liverpool landing-stage in a sailing punt seventeen feet long, with James Richards, the owner of the boat, and a man named Potter.

When near Taylor's Bank the movements of some of the party capsized the craft. Potter and Richards were picked up by another boat.



Photos, Illustrations Bureau & Halftones.

CELEBRATING MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S 70th BIRTHDAY IN BIRMINGHAM: On the left is a photo of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain listening to an address presented by the Mayor of Aston. On the right, Mr. Austen Chamberlain taking his fiancee, Miss Ivy Dundas, to tea, with the Mayor. Inset are photos of a hawker who did a roaring trade in paper orchids, and Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain smilingly acknowledging the cheers of the people who lined the streets as they passed along.

INCIDENTS OF THE KAFFIR INSURRECTION IN NATAL.

Kraals in Flames.

After 600 rebels were killed at Noodsberg Mountain, Colonel McKenzie satisfactorily accounted for 350 more, and burned Mesini's kraals—nearly 1,000 being killed in forty-eight hours.

The four columns, it is believed, are concentrated in the heart of Mesini's location, and details of a crushing victory were expected last night, but only the barest news had reached the town.

The extraordinary and mysterious power possessed by the natives of transmitting news ahead of the telegraph is illustrated by the fact that Captain Spark's native scouts gave a detailed report of Colonel Barker's fight eight hours before receipt of the information from Colonel Barker himself.

Colonel Barker heliographed after his engagement to the effect that the wounded rebels said that an impi of 8,000 men was sheltering in the valley between his column and that of Colonel McKenzie. Colonel Barker's force was opposed to quite 1,500 natives.

Loyal natives report that many of Gebizembi's men are evidently afraid of retribution, and are returning to their homes quietly, pretending that they never rebelled.

Chief Mpezeni, in the Krantzkop direction, has begged Colonel Leuchars to have faith in his loyalty. These tribesmen are fully armed, and have been ordered to protect their border.

At Noodsberg.

The first step in smashing up the rebellion in Natal was effected by the Transvaal Volunteers in the neighbourhood of Noodsberg, south of Greytown, last week. The impi, composed probably of the men of several insurgent chiefs, had been gathering for some days past.

Colonel Barker encamped at Noodsberg at night, and leaving in the morning encountered a small impi, which attacked the Transvaalers' advanced guard. This impi was detached by orders of the Chief Mesini to perform scouting duty and intercept the troops and hold an action till the main impi arrived.

The latter came up an hour and a half later and flung themselves on the Volunteer position in the face of a terrible rifle and machine-gun fire, which mowed the rebels down in swathes. The insurgents showed most conspicuous courage, charging repeatedly.

Colonel Barker himself reports that for a short time matters looked serious. The foremost warriors, some severely wounded in several places, dashed in parties from a dozen to a score right up the firing line to within five yards of the rifles.

But at this crisis of the engagement the most splendid courage could do no more, and the rebels gradually gave way and then fled before the merciless searching fire, the main portion taking refuge in the long deep valley. Colonel Barker detached three squadrons in pursuit of the rebels, who were ridden down and killed in large numbers.

The fact that no fewer than six hundred of the enemy were killed indicates the unshrinking and almost frantic bravery with which they fought. The Transvaalers lost Trooper Knight, killed, and two troopers slightly wounded.

Attack on a Convoy.

While Major Campbell, with 140 men and a fifteen-pounder gun, was convoying twenty-eight waggons from Bond's Drift to Thring's Post last week, he was attacked by 700 of Ndhlovukatimuni's and Mcobizembi's rebels.

The enemy made a sudden onslaught on the vanguard, consisting of fifteen Zulu Mounted Rifles, who fell back on their supports, and the first attack was repulsed by a steady fire.

A few minutes later a second attack was delivered. The enemy was again driven back.

After an interval of thirteen minutes the attack was renewed, the rebels advancing in great force. A sharp fight, which lasted a quarter of an hour, ensued, and the enemy were finally repulsed, the attack gradually dying away.

All ranks behaved with great steadiness. Trooper Coll, of the Zululand Mounted Rifles, was killed. Forty dead rebels were counted.

THE BURNING OF MESINI'S KRAALS.

FIERCE BATTLE AT NOODSBERG.

ATTACK ON A CONVOY.

Tragedy Averted.

A tragedy was narrowly averted at Mansfield on Saturday by the bravery of a tramcar inspector named Lewis.

An empty car which was being taken up a steep hill escaped from control, and dashed down the hill. Halfway down it came in collision with another empty car, and the two cars dashed on towards a third, which was discharging a party of Sunday-school children on their way to the annual treat.

Lewis jumped on the first car, which was going at about fifteen miles an hour, and applied the brakes.

The runaway cars came into collision with the car loaded with children, but at reduced speed, and none of the children were injured.

Useful to Cyclists.

With their customary enterprise the Swift Cycle Company have published an admirable map of London and districts twenty-five miles around the metropolis. Included is a complete up-to-date Visitors' Guide, with an index to 7,000 streets, theatre plans, and an insurance coupon for £1,000. Routes are clearly defined, and to those who do not know their way about the "big village" and its surroundings, the 1s. asked for the compilation will prove a good investment. Half-a-crown will secure the cloth edition, which is well worth the extra money. The maps may be had from the London headquarters of the Swift Cycle Company, 15 and 16 Holborn Viaduct, E.C. Twopence extra should be added for postage.

Open-air Shakespeare.

Few pleasanter ways of spending a summer evening can be imagined than of going to see the Shakespearean Pastoral Plays now being presented by Mr. Patrick Kirwan on Thursday and Saturday evenings at the Botanical Gardens.

Produced, as they are, out of doors, with only a grassy slope for a stage, and a complete absence of any elaborate scenic effects, while the dainty incidental music is provided by a concealed orchestra, perhaps their greatest charm lies in their simplicity. On Saturday last certain scenes from "The Tempest" were presented to a large and appreciative audience. Miss Phyllis Ralph made a very pleasing Miranda, while Mr. George Hawtrey gave us an exceedingly fine and realistic performance as Caliban. In the scene where Caliban reproaches Prospero (Mr. Patrick Kirwan) his tone and facial expression were most excellent. Mr. Gerald Vanning ably supported the part of Alonso, while Messrs. Walker and Bayfield, as Trinculo and Stepano respectively created much amusement.

Next Saturday "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is on the programme, with Mr. Patrick Kirwan in the rôle of Falstaff.

The Mysterious Millionaire.

The Mysterious Millionaire is an individual who for some months past has been wandering about the country purchasing copies of Pearson's Weekly from readers at from half-a-crown to £10 apiece. In some cases he has given in exchange blouses, hats, boots, pipes, bicycles, joints of meat, and even a cow. His actions are of the most eccentric nature. According to information received by the Editor of Pearson's Weekly the Millionaire, or one of the fifty assistants he has recently employed, will be in the following towns during the next few days. It would, therefore, be as well for you to secure a copy of the paper and be on the look-out for him.

In addition to the Mysterious Millionaire's assistants who will be employed in buying copies of Pearson's Weekly in these towns, there are many other assistants who will be paying surprise visits to towns and villages all over the United Kingdom. Keep your eye open for them:

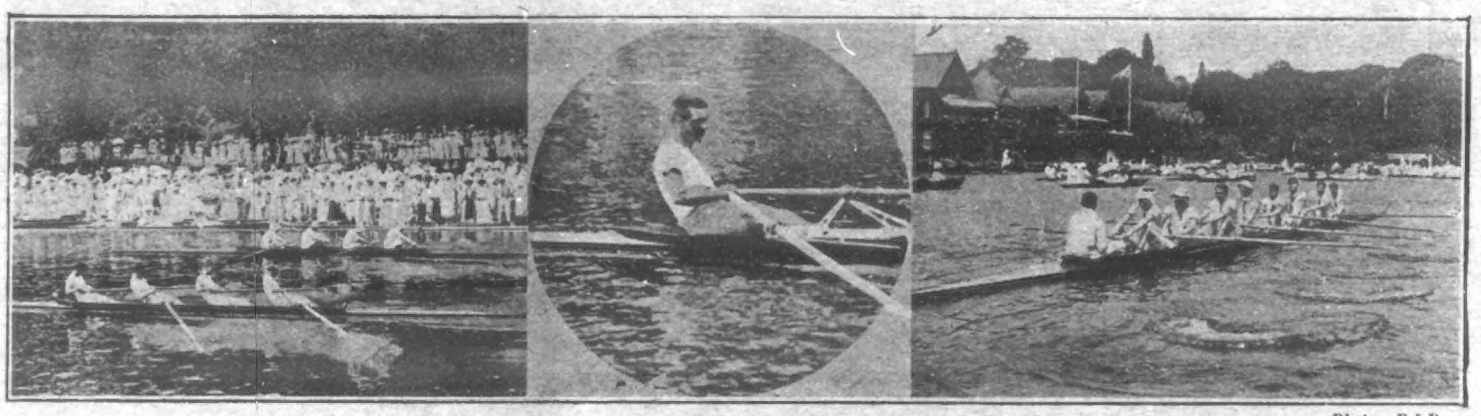
Sherbourne, Crewkerne, Honiton, Kidderminster, Gourock, Rothesay, Ayr, Portobello, Romford, Beccles, Bewdley, Millport, Newport, I.W., Yeovil, Epping, Ryde, Carlisle, Burton, Denbigh, Chard, Helensburgh, Dereham, Lancaster, Devizes, Axminster, Romsey, Dunoon, Cromer, Stourport, Gainsborough, Honiton, Banbury, Hitchin, Ringwood, Leamington, Ely, Windsor, Brecon, Dorchester, Saxmundham, Brentwood, Newark, Chesterfield, Ardrossan, Huntingdon, Spalding, Faversham, Ottery St. Mary, Woodford, Kirn, Swaffam, Longhton, Lamlash, Cockermouth, Shenfield, Largs, Leominster, Truro, Girvan, Ingatestone, Saltcoats, Penzance.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

PRINCESS LOUISE AUGUSTA AT CRICKLEWOOD: The prizes at the Hendon and Cricklewood Rifle Club competition were distributed last week by Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein. Our photo is of the reception of the Princess.

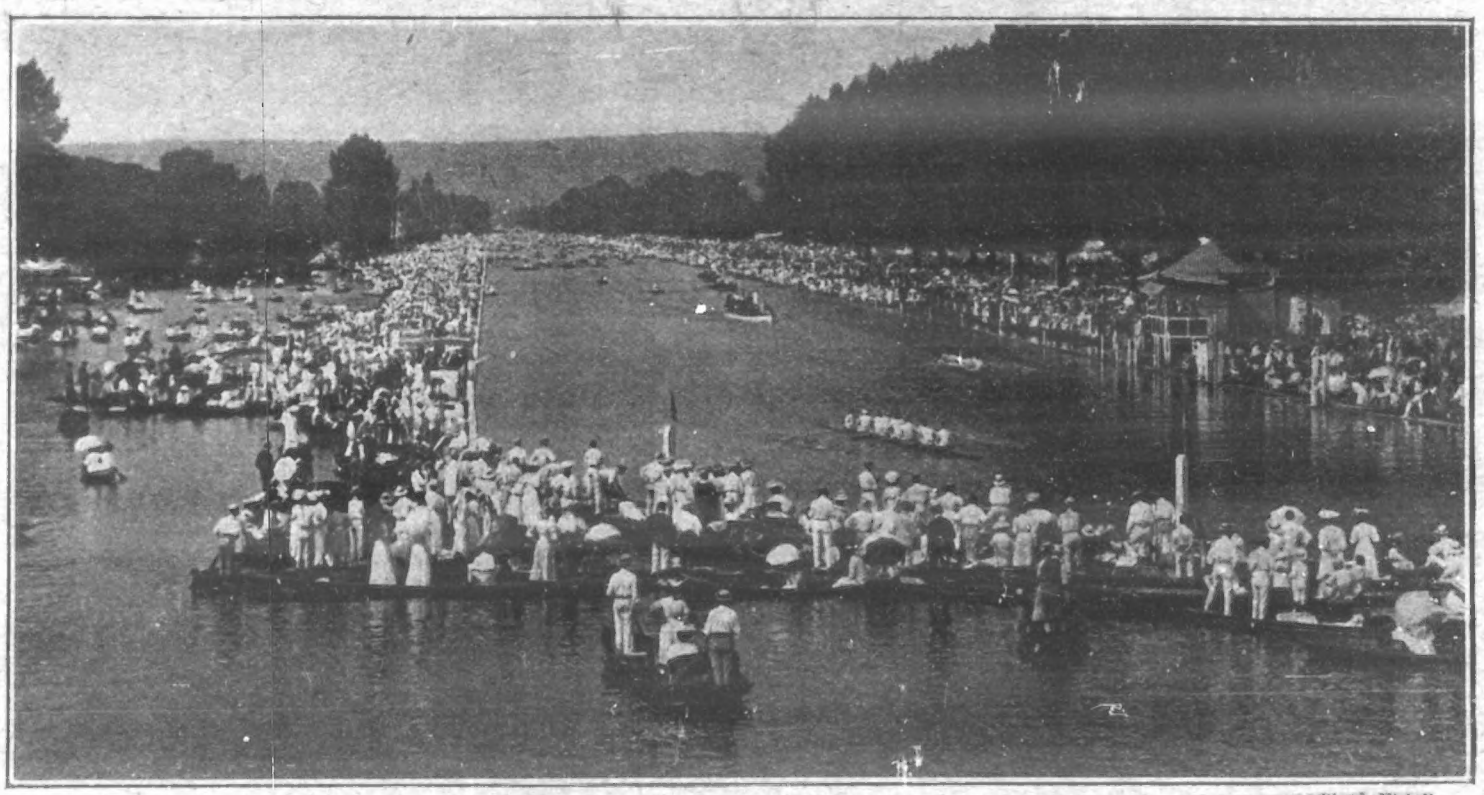
Photo, Smyth.

NEW LIFE-BOAT LAUNCH AT SKEGNESS: Last week, headed by a brass band, the new life-boat paraded the town, and then was successfully launched, the launching being witnessed by thousands of excursionists and visitors. The boat is named "Samuel Lewis," and has been presented to the National Life Boat Institution by Mrs. Ade Lewis, in memory of her late husband.



Photos, P.I.P.

HENLEY REGATTA: 1. Leander beat Third Trinity for the Steward Challenge Cup. 2. H. T. Blackstaffe, winner of the Diamond Sculls. 3. The Belgian Crew, winners of the Grand Challenge Cup.



Photo, Nicholls.

HENLEY REGATTA: A splendid view of the course and the crowds watching the exciting finish for the Thames Challenge Cup, which was won by Christ's College, Oxford.

The mysterious minstrels.

In camp.

TYPES

TYPES

Two in a punt

watching a race.

In a backwater

HENLEY REGATTA: SOME OF THE SCENES AT THE GREAT RIVER CARNIVAL LAST WEEK.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

Since my last notes appeared many important events have happened in the cricket world. Yorkshire tasted the bitters of defeat for the first time this season, when they lost to Notts at Dewsbury; Surrey compiled the record total of the year; Hayward made his tenth century, and completed 2,000 runs with the season only half over; Oxford ran Cambridge fairly close owing to a spirited last-wicket stand; C. B. Fry sustained another breakdown while playing in a minor game at Southampton, which means that he will play no more first-class cricket in 1906; and lastly, the chief match on the list—Gentlemen v. Players at Lord's—has been decided.

In this latter match (which was the "centenary" of the fixture) Fielder made a fresh bowling record, and one of more than passing moment. In the many years that cricket has held the affection of the British sport-loving public, there has been a number of occasions when a bowler has captured ten wickets in one innings. Yet it was left for Fielder to do it in a Gentlemen-v.-Players' match. It is easily a record in the annals of bowling, and one all the more remarkable from the fact that the Kent man's work was done on a wicket that seemed from the observer's standpoint to present no difficulties to the batsmen.

The Players had a very strong side, the only absentees of note being Arnold and George Hirst. Hirst's knee requires a rest, and, considering the work he has done for his county this season and the present unsettled state of the Championship, he was well advised in refusing the Lord's engagement, however complimentary the honour might be of taking part in the historic contest. The Gentlemen were also well represented, though there were several well-known names missing. But then the question might easily be asked, Who could be left out?

The first day's play produced some fine cricket, but imagine such a side as the Gentlemen's being dismissed for only 167. Then, again, think of the strength of the Players' eleven, and imagine seven wickets of such class being captured for only 136 runs. However, though the scoring was poor, in comparison with the strength of the sides, the play was always keen and interesting.

Turning now to the 'Varsity match. Without a doubt Cambridge were the better side, and they held the whip hand all through, but they must have had some little anxiety last Saturday afternoon. And C. H. Eyre, the Cambridge captain, was thought by many to have declared earlier than was absolutely necessary. Certainly they set their rivals the formidable task of making 422 runs in order to win, but on a perfect wicket the unlooked-for might have come off.

In discussing this year's 'Varsity teams one cannot but dwell upon the uneven nature of the two sides. G. T. Branston, with an average of over fifty, stands easily first amongst the batsmen on either side, but there has been more evenness about the Cambridge defence. As an instance, I may mention that L. G. Colbeck has scored 550 runs, with an average of 39.28, and M. W. Payne is only a little way behind. Six men averaged over thirty and four over twenty; very possibly a record.

N. R. Udal has the best figures of any bowler on either side, and his return of twenty-nine wickets at an average cost of 14.96 is distinctly flattering. He has bowled quite as well as his figures would suggest, but he had little support. Moreover, he could not get on full speed owing to an injury. On the Cambridge side, Morcom, May, and Napier have done best, and their figures do not do justice to their good work. Morcom deserves most consideration, though his thirty-seven wickets were gained at a percentage of 18.91.

Surrey are at the head of affairs once more as the result of Yorkshire's beating by Notts. By the law of percentage Surrey are a fraction or so to the front, though each have only lost one match. Thus the Championship is now in a most interesting state. Both counties have had their ups and downs during the season, and, while Surrey owe an overwhelming debt of gratitude to Tom Hayward, Yorkshire are not the less indebted to George Hirst for one or two remarkable scrapes out of trouble. Much of the fortunes of the two great competing counties depend upon the players named.

Derbyshire have had rather a chequered career this season, for besides showing rather indifferent form in some of their matches, there was the unfortunate difference which caused A. E. Lawton to resign the captaincy. However, the Peak county gained a splendid victory over Sussex at Chesterfield by five wickets. By the way, Lawton has been putting in a lot of practice at Lord's lately, and it is to be sincerely hoped that the difficulty with the Derbyshire committee may be bridged over.

Photos, P.I.P.

SOME CRICKET ATTITUDES: WORCESTERSHIRE. 1. Cuffe. 2. H. K. Foster. 3. Arnold.

Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MATCH AT LORD'S: After displaying unmistakable superiority through three days of strenuous fighting for 'Varsity honours, Cambridge University won the seventy-second cricket match by ninety-four runs. The centre photograph is a general view of the field of play. The others illustrate the social side of this important match.

ATHLETICS & CYCLING.

In the matter of weather and racing the A.A.A. Championships lacked nothing at Stamford Bridge last Saturday, and I suppose we ought to be satisfied with an attendance of 8,000, though that would be accounted a very moderate crowd in the North. Space will not admit of comment at length, for the programme was a long one, but allusion must be made to the wonderfully fine performances of Halswell in the quarter-mile, Astley in the half-mile, Jupp in the 220 yards, Butterfield in the mile, and Russell in the steeplechase. Morton might have done better than 10 2-5secs. in the sprint but for the adverse wind, and, had they been pressed, Leahy and Harragin would probably have set up finer figures even than they did.

Of course, with the championships on, other sports were of minor importance. The London and South-Western Bank had a meeting at the London County Grounds, Herne Hill, and the Railway Clearing-House held their annual competitions at the Crystal Palace. Time was when the latter club went in for a more pretentious programme than at present. Their first sports were held at Stamford Bridge, and there were usually several open events of the first importance, but in later years the racing, though very interesting, has been of an unpretentious nature.

At their meeting last Saturday cycling formed the chief bill of fare. There were two open events on wheels, one at half a mile and the other at a mile. The four furlongs went to W. Moresetti, of the Paddington C.C., who, with a start of 35 yards, beat G. McDonough, of the Putney A.C., and W. H. T. Isaacs, of the same club. The longer race was secured by W. T. Couldrey, of the Polytechnic C.C., his nearest attendants being J. B. Taylorson, of the Beaumont C.C., and M. P. Homell, of the Anerley Club. The members' events were also of an interesting nature.

At the London and South-Western Bank sports, the mile scratch cycle race, open to London banks, was won by E. V. Norman, London City and Midland, and in close attendance on him were H. E. Hillier, London and South-Western, and E. E. L. Beer, also London and South-Western, in the order named. The 220 yards race, also open to London banks, was won by A. C. Purnell, R. S. Clark being second, and A. E. Manby third. The closed events were of a very interesting nature, but contained no special features.

The Midland Cycling and Athletic Club's 100 miles road race is always an interesting event, and last Saturday saw the record for this particular competition beaten. T. Peck, of the home club, covered the distance in 5h. 12mins. and 23secs., the previous record standing to the credit of W. Shirley, of the Polytechnic C.C., the first named knocking three minutes off the time. There was a handicap in connection with the race, and this was won by G. Richards, of the Eadie Cycle Club.

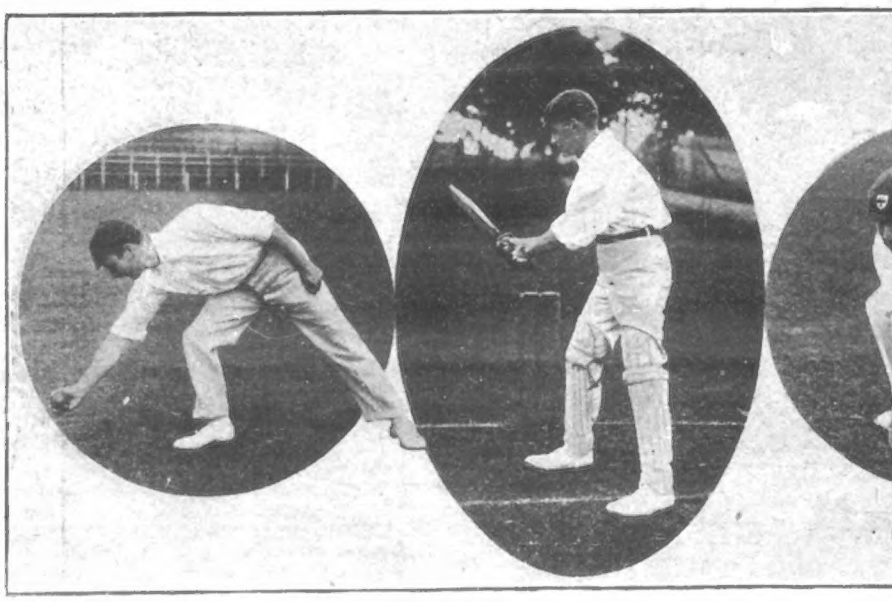
A new tandem cycling record has been established by G. Smith and C. E. Scott, of the Havelock Cycling Club. They covered the 50 miles' official course of the Southern Roads' Record Association in 2h. 8mins. 57secs., beating Pett and Hunt's previous record by 8mins. 57secs. W. L. Woolveridge, S.R.R.A., took the times.

LAWN TENNIS.

As expected, H. L. Doherty beat F. L. Riseley in the singles championship, the margin in favour of the holder of the title being three sets to one. But Riseley had revenge when, with S. H. Smith as partner, he defeated the brothers Doherty in the doubles by three sets to two. It is no exaggeration to say that Riseley beat the brothers "off his own bat." His play was brilliant in the extreme, and excited the admiration of the onlookers, with whom he was a rare favourite all through the meeting. Miss May Sutton was decisively beaten by Miss D. K. Douglass in the challenge round of the ladies' singles, while the mixed open doubles went to A. F. Wilding and Miss Douglass, and the ladies' open doubles to Mrs. Hillyard and Miss Sutton.

SWIMMING.

Last year Jarvis' big sequence of victories in the long-distance championship was broken by D. Billington, who covered the course from Kew to Putney Pier—five miles 60 yards—in 1h. 8mins. 55secs.



Photos, P.I.P.

SOME CRICKET ATTITUDES: WORCESTERSHIRE. 1. Bowley. 2. Pearson. 3. Bird.

Photo, Photo Press.

Canadian Veteran at Bisley: Col.-Sergt. Y. N. Deslaurieras pays his nineteenth visit to Bisley this year. He is an ardent volunteer and travelled through Canada with the King when he was Prince of Wales.

This year Billington was ineligible, and the honours again went to J. A. Jarvis, though it was only after a terrific struggle that the Leicester crack defeated H. Taylor, of Chadderton, who was beaten by 2secs. Jarvis' time was 1h. 3mins. 40secs—the fastest on record for the course. A. G. Harvey, Ravensbourne S.C. was third

ROWING.

Henley regatta finished last week in a regular blaze of triumph, the meeting being one of the most successful on record, both for attendance and for the oarsmen. It was amid a stirring scene of enthusiasm that the veteran Harry Blackstaffe carried off the Diamonds, and few are more popular than he on the river. The Grand went to Belgium, to the openly-expressed regret of many who would far rather that the big event should have gone to Canada. But the Belgians were a really fine crew, and I doubt if Leander, even had they collected all their "stars," would have defeated the Continentals. The regatta afforded Cantabs an opportunity of showing all-round excellence, no fewer than four of the eigh events going to Cambridge, these being the Thames Cup, the Ladies' Plate, the Silver Goblets, and the Visitors' Cup. On the other hand not one event was secured by Oxford.

Blackstaffe did not appear to defend his title in the London Cup event at the Metropolitan Regatta on Monday, and the trophy was taken by Captain Darell, who rowed extremely well.

Photo, Illus. Bureau.

TENNIS CHAMPION AT TEA: A unique snapshot of Miss Douglass taking tea after winning the tennis championship last week.

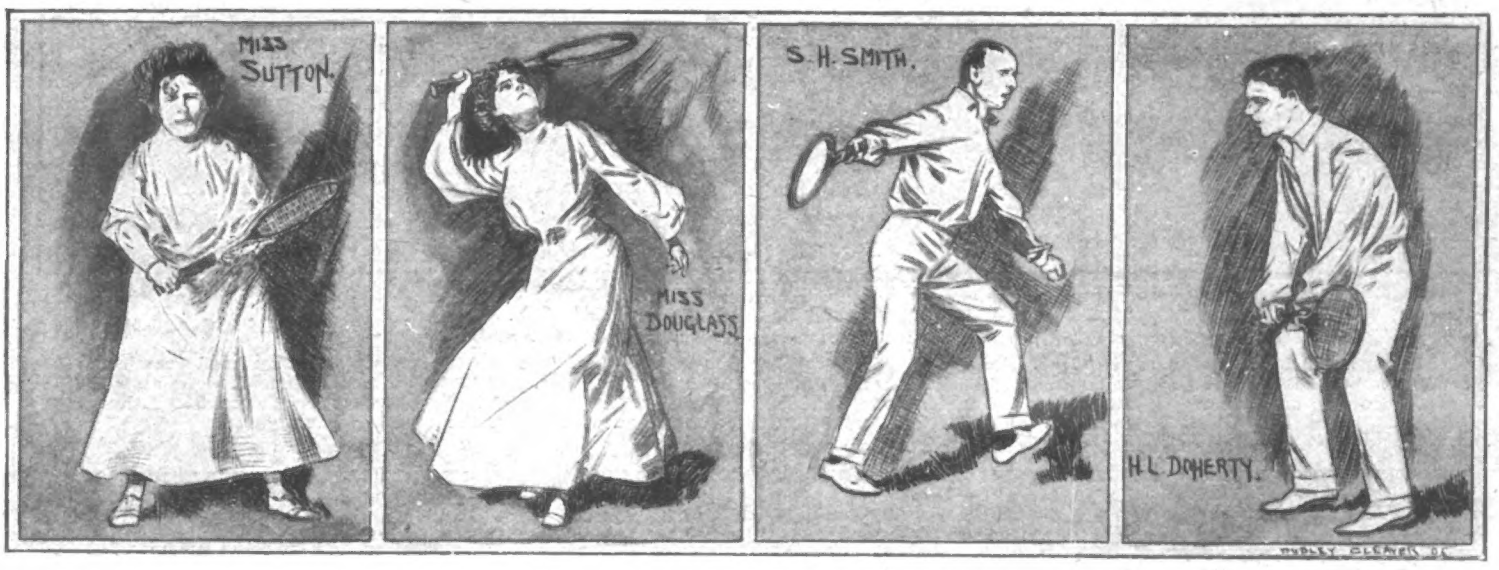
wear a thin wig You see no joins? No, I lace my own hair into it from the front. The operation takes my maid an hour every night. As I say, it deceived even Mr. Clarkson. The skin arrangement had been made by his own people, but when he first saw me he felt sure I wore my own hair."

Best Cows for Butter and Milk.

Cows for milk yielding, where the high proportion of butter-fat is not a consideration, would have to be much above the average to beat the old Dutch breed with which our pastures were at one time so familiar. Flushed with green fodder and brewers' grains their yield of milk used to be immense. Their proportion of butter-fat was very low. It would tax the skill of an expert dairyman to pass such milk at above the required standard to-day. Fortunately, our premier heavy milkers nowadays are also good butter cows. We saw the late Oxford Show champion Jersey heifer being milked last week. Her yield at twice was 4½ gallons, i.e., 45lb. The fat of that quantity of an average Jersey cow's milk would make 4½lb. of butter. This cow would equal 9,000lb. of milk in the year. There are amongst the little Dexters and Kerries cows that will beat that yield. Mr. Martin J. Sutton used to breed them up to 10,000lb. and 11,000lb. yield. Even the noted Shorthorns can do no better than that. The question then comes down to this: Which of the many heavy butter-fat breeds costs the least to keep and feed *pro rata?* It would not be the Jersey if the climate were not mild, and if green stall feed could not be provided where cold compelled one to forsake the pasture. The little Kerry at its heartiest eating would not nearly approach the Shorthorn. Three Kerries might be kept on what would feed two of the larger breed. Certainly on a small holding one would prefer to have three calves coming every year. That, too, would allow of the yield of milk being evened out the year through.

High Steppers.

It does not appear that high action is so much in vogue, judging from the trappers and carriage horses one sees in the parks, this season. It is a question whether the making of that unnatural bend of the knee has not a great deal to do with the falling away of the usage. There is, and it is useless to gainsay it, deliberate cruelty in the process; and it answers no demand or requirement of the horse-owner that at all pays, so to speak, for the custom. Take the show-ring high-stepper. He paces around the enclosure with that high, jerky action with which we are so familiar. How ever did he learn to step so? As a foal he had to carry heavy iron shoes, that began it. He never lifted his smart little hoof but when he heaved up a pound or two of iron as well. That caused him to lift high. So, as he got older, in moving through the clayey bog over which he was driven when learning to step, he got accustomed to pulling up his knee and bending his hock, until that action became permanently acquired. The young hackney foals may be seen at any hackney show carrying those heavy shoes. One need not wonder why King Edward gave up breeding hackneys some three or four years ago, and why he sold off his, at that time, most valuable stud of this breed of horses. Yet a show trapper in the ring goes very gaily, and his action is most showy. Going at sixteen to eighteen miles an hour for those few minutes is all that is required of them, of course. No animal of the breed and training could keep it up long. Mark the action of a high-stepper. The rigid near foreleg looks as if it were still, and the animal posing, whilst really its pace very often exceeds sixteen miles an hour. When driven in a buggy or a sulky, the pace and the jerk do not give one the free and happy sensation which comes through rapid motion, although the four-wheeled vehicle runs level enough. And, of course, these are but show animals, after all that can be said in their behalf.



TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON: Some of he principal players in characteristic attitudes. Specially drawn for the "P.I.P." by Dudley Cleaver.

Miss Vesta Tilley's Motor Tour.

Miss Vesta Tilley started last week on her 40-h.p. Panhard for a tour round England with her husband, Mr. Walter de Frece. Mr. de Frece is part proprietor of music-halls dotted about all over England, and he is combining business with pleasure. Miss Tilley has just returned from a six weeks' series of engagements in America, and her gorgeous flat in Bloomsbury is littered with her trophies—her "pewters" (as the Oxford men say) all telling of her record-breaking achievements.

At the Metropolitan Opera House a mammoth programme lasting from eleven o'clock in the forenoon till nine o'clock at night, was organised, and all the operatic stars gave a turn. After her show Miss Tilley autographed a programme, and the bit of cardboard went for £200. She even mollified the terrible Allan Dale, who is facetiously called "the Clement Scott of America"—much, as Mr. Walkley said, "as the Dart is called the Rhine of England."

This gentleman's comment was significant. "We laugh at other artists. We laugh with Vesta Tilley." Her greatest hit was her policeman song. The American policeman is a sort of governor with a truncheon. The English policeman is the servant of the public. The Americans were struck and delighted with our man in blue.

Miss Tilley's hair has always been a mystery, and it deceived even her own wig-maker, Mr. Clarkson. "Most people," says Miss Tilley, "think I wear my own hair. I don't. I wear a wig. All this hair you see is plaited into a number of little plaits with which I pad my head to get it the shape of a man's head. Over that I

Photo, Twickenham and Banfield.

MISS VESTA TILLEY ON THE RIVER: Miss Vesta Tilley with her husband, Mr. de Frece, punting on the Thames.

ABOUT A GREAT BOOK AND A GREAT TREATMENT.

Conclusive testimony as to the really marvellous permanent cures of obesity effected by the famous "Russell" treatment is afforded by the thousand extracts from statements voluntarily made by patients themselves which are published in "Corpulency and the Cure" (19th edition), by F. Cecil Russell, the standard work on the causes and the cure of stoutness. The originals of these remarkable letters are carefully preserved at Woburn House, and may always be referred to as proof of bona-fides. Many doctors have verified these written statements, with the result that a large number of cures have been wrought by the "Russell" treatment through the advice and recommendation of the medical profession.

Where all other methods of permanently reducing weight have always failed, the "Russell" treatment has invariably succeeded. This lasting curative effect and the essentially tonic nature of the chief preparation employed differentiate the "Russell" treatment from all other remedies. As the decrease of fat steadily proceeds day by day, the patient gets stronger. The appetite is vastly improved, and the increased amount of nourishment consumed goes to the formation of muscular tissue. The nerve-centres are revitalised and brain-power is increased. The reduction of fat is not only abdominal, but is proportionate over the entire body-surface. Moreover, the dangerous deposits of internal fat that impede the free action of the vital organs—the heart, liver, and kidneys—are destroyed and eliminated from the system, with infinite benefit to the general health.

The preparation employed is a harmless liquid of pure vegetable ingredients (the recipe is given in "Corpulency and the Cure"). It has no disagreeable after-effects and can be taken with advantage by anyone on account of its tonic properties. The "Russell" treatment requires no stringent dietary nor any violent sweating exercises. It is in every respect pleasant and convenient.

Twenty-four hours after beginning the treatment there is, in quite ordinary cases of stoutness, a reduction of ½lb. to 2lb. Day by day there is a persistent diminution, with slight fluctuations, until the attainment of normal weight and elegant proportions calls for the discontinuance of the treatment.

"Corpulency and the Cure" contains in its 256 pages a mass of information that every stout person should know. None could read this admirable treatise without benefit, treatment or no treatment, for the condition of over-stoutness presents many dangers of which many fat people are not at all apprehensive. "Corpulency and the Cure" is an invaluable contibution to science, and may be obtained free, see notice below.

The *Methodist Recorder* says:—"After a perusal of 'Corpulency and the Cure' (256 pages) by the well-known specialist, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, we have no hesitation in saying that those of our stout friends who are wise enough to obtain a copy of this book and follow his advice need no longer be the victims of the unpleasant incubus of superabundant fat."

The *Lady's Pictorial* says:—"In order to prove the absolutely harmless nature of the compound which forms the basis of his treatment, Mr. Russell also gives the recipe. This, it will be seen, is of purely innocuous vegetable ingredients. The treatment is pleasant and easy, does not interfere with ordinary vocations, and entails no irrational limitations as to food and drink."

The *Illustrated London News* says:. "The modern endeavour after efficiency in every department of life postulates perfect health, which is too often prevented by over-much flesh. Obese persons who would attain satisfactory bodily condition will find a safe method described in 'Corpulency and the Cure,' published by Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, W.C., the discoverer of the successful 'Russell' treatment."

FREE TO ALL

"CORPULENCY AND THE CURE"

By F. CECIL RUSSELL.

This Standard Work on the Causes and the Cure of Obesity (256 pages) will be sent, post free, under plain sealed envelope, to all stout readers of the "Penny Illustrated Paper" who will apply to Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, 17 Store Street, London, W.C., enclosing three penny stamps. "Corpulency and the Cure" contains most exhaustive information on everything of interest to sufferers from obesity, or to those who have a tendency to stoutness; also weights and tables relating to the human frame in respect to natural proportions. Besides these, there is the "recipe" of the principal compound forming part of the "Russell" treatment, showing its purely harmless vegetable nature, together with hundreds of unsolicited testimonials from grateful patients in all parts of the globe, and copious extracts from the medical and general press endorsing and highly commending Mr. Russell's system.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

The "Sea Serpent" Appears to the Scientist.

Verily the perversity of mankind passeth all understanding! And if there be any who would challenge the justice of this aphorism, let him reflect for a moment on the fact that we talk of the Phœnix as if it were real, and of the sea-serpent as though it were a purely mythical beast! But the sea-serpent is probably himself to blame for this, inasmuch as he is indiscreet enough to show himself from time to time to those who go down to the sea in ships. Hence, as with other distinguished mortals, everybody who has occasion to cross the ocean burns for an opportunity to boast an acquaintance with this distinguished dweller in the deeps.

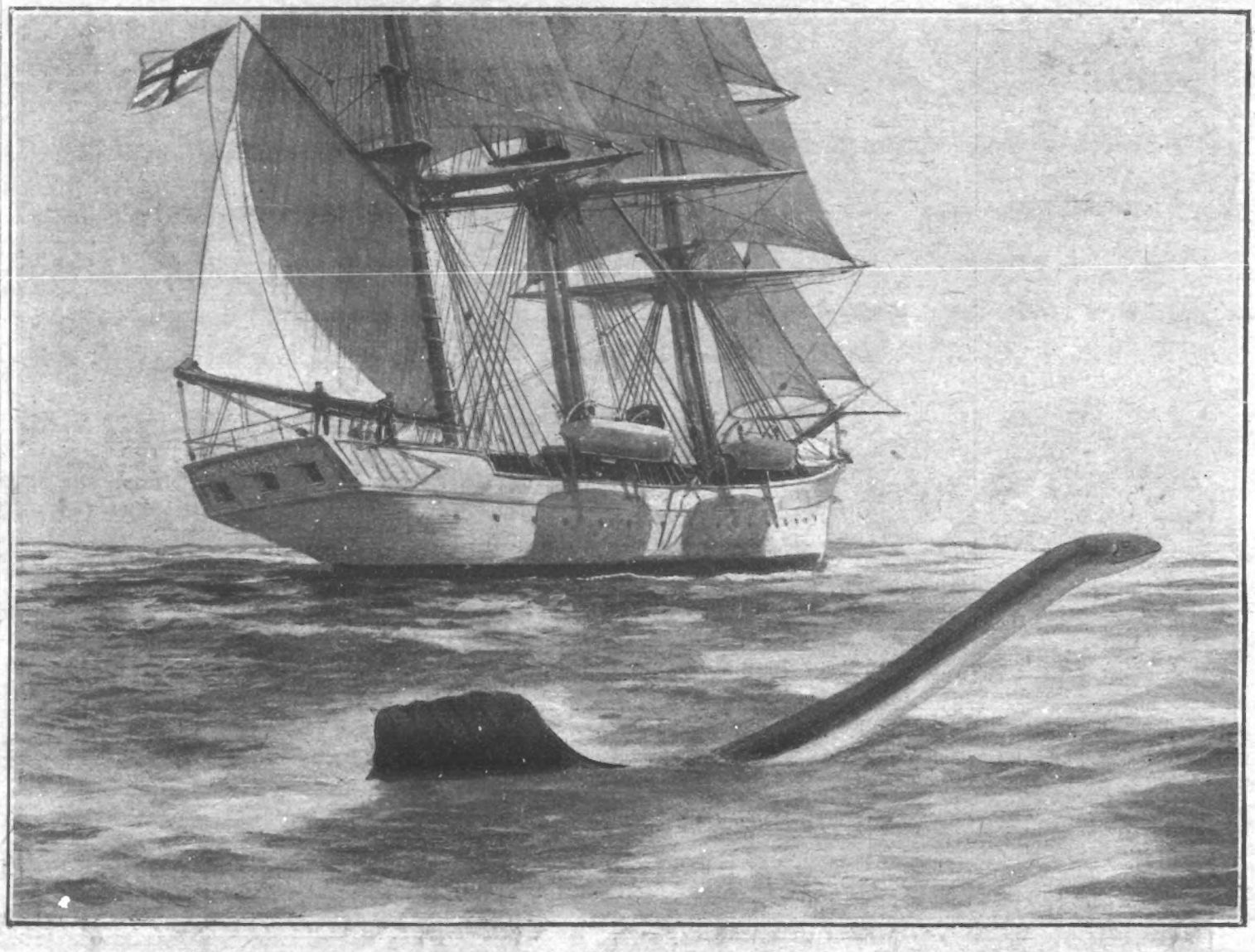
One or two of the more serious accounts are worth repeating. No longer ago than 1891, one Peter Nelson, a quartermaster, and therefore "an honourable man," saw from the deck of the *Rotomahana* a beast with the head of an eel and fins ten feet long rise thirty feet out of the water. It was dark above, and white below. He gave a long account of this strange beast, yet, so far, those whom he intended to convert only reply that it was "very like a whale"—in short, that he saw nothing more than a whale "breaching."

Captain McQuhae, of H.M.S. *Dædalus*, and his officers, in 1848 created a great sensation in England by a sea-serpent story which at the time was discredited by the late Professor Sir Richard Owen. But time brings its revenges, for it may turn out that the Professor was wrong. Briefly, he reported having seen an enormous serpent with head and shoulders some four feet out of the water, and some sixty feet of its body on the surface. It passed rapidly so close to the ship that a man's features at the same distance could easily have been distinguished. It had no fins, but something like seaweed washed about its back.

Now within the last few days the honour of the captain and his officers, or rather, their credit as observers, has been singularly vindicated, for at the last meeting of the Zoological Society Mr. E. B. Meade Waldo and Mr. M. J. Nicoll described a creature seen by them from the deck of the Earl of Crawford's yacht, the *Valhalla*, which bears a remarkable resemblance to that seen from the Dædalus. These two gentlemen accompanied Lord Crawford as naturalists during his usual winter cruise. Both are well-known naturalists, and one is a member of the Council of the Zoological Society. The story they unfolded to a breathlessly excited assembly of the Fellows (says the *Illustrated London News*) is briefly this: When off Para on December 7, 1905, at 10 a.m., they were standing on the deck of the yacht, when their attention was caught by a curious sail-like object of some 4ft. long and 2ft. high waving from side to side in the water. No sooner had they turned their glasses on to this strange object than there appeared a huge eel-like neck some 6ft. long, and as thick as a man's thigh, and this neck was surmounted by a great turtle-like head with large eyes, now borne high above the sea, which was quite calm. It was dark-coloured above and silvery white below. After a few moments the head and neck were slowly lowered, and when level with the water were violently lashed from side to side, churning up the sea into a great sheet of foam, and then it vanished.

Adverse winds caused the ship to beat about so that at midnight they were only twenty miles from the scene of the morning. This is noteworthy, because when Mr. Nicoll came on deck after breakfast one of the officers came up and reported that during the night he saw a strange commotion in the water. At first he thought it was a rock "awash," but a most careful examination showed that it was a beast of some kind, travelling faster than the ship, which was then making only about eight and a half knots. The officer "hailed the deck" and the look-out man, and thus got witnesses to this weird phenomenon.

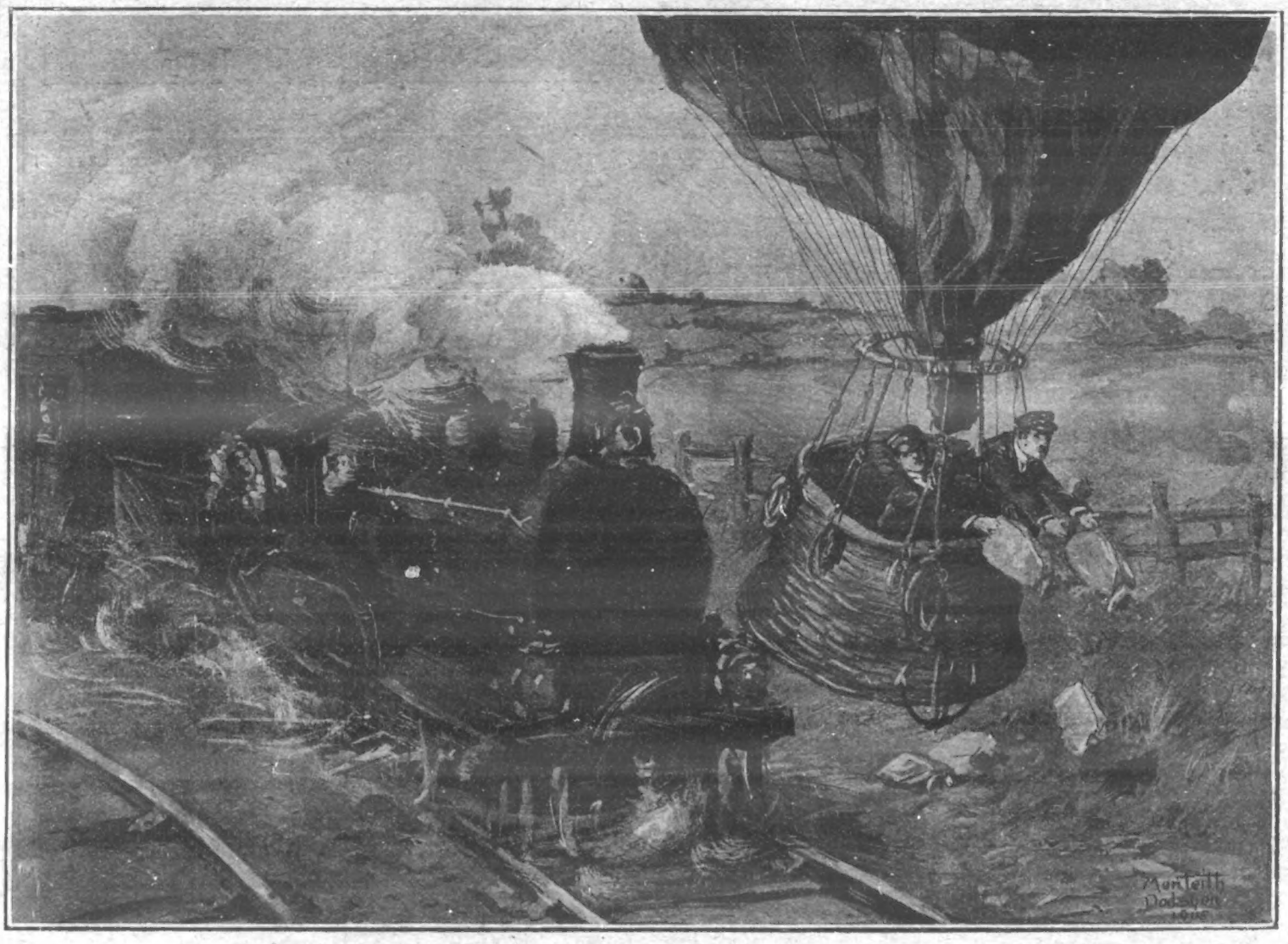
Seriously, we can no longer regard the "sea-serpent" as a myth. There can be no question but that the ocean harbours some secret which we have not yet penetrated. It seems unlikely that this evasive creature should be a descendant of the old Plesiosaurs which became extinct millions of years ago.



THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT AT LAST REVEALS ITSELF TO MEN OF SCIENCE.

Drawing of the serpent by Mr. M. J. Nicoll, Naturalist to Lord Crawford's Expedition, who saw the creature from the "Valhalla."

On this page will be found an article by a scientific expert describing this sea-monster. The creature was sighted by Lord Crawford's yacht, the "Valhalla." It projected some eighteen to twenty-one inches from the water. It had a large fin or frill, dark seaweed brown in colour, and somewhat crinkled at the edge. The head was something like a turtle's. It was first sighted in 300 fathoms of water. The "Valhalla" is given in the picture to show the distance at which the monster was sighted.



BALLOON DESCENDS ON A TRAIN: An English aeronaut recently ascended in a balloon from Aachen. In descending the balloon came down on the railway line at Herbesthal, just as a passenger train was passing. Fortunately the car only grazed the roofs of the carriages. If it had fallen a few feet lower and had touched the engine, the fate of the aeronaut must have been sealed

Drawn by H. M. Brock.

A DRY CLEAN.

"All prisoners, on admission, shall be compelled to take a bath."—PRISON REGULATION.

New Arrival: "I say, guv'nor, I don't want no bath. Couldn't you do me with one of these 'ere vacuum cleaners?"

Detectives in an Accident.

Chief-inspector Fox, of Scotland Yard, and Superintendent Simmonds, of the Surrey police, the officers engaged in investigating the Camberley mystery, met with a serious accident last Monday. They were driving in Mr. Simmonds' high dog-cart, and when close to Blackwater Station, on the South-Eastern Railway, the horse shied. Both gentlemen were thrown out violently, and the trap was smashed. Superintendent Simmonds was picked up unconscious, and after being attended to by a doctor was conveyed in a motor-car to his heme at Farnham. Mr. Fox, who was not so badly injured, was able to return to Camberley in a cab.

STARTLING SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

Remarkable Statement by a Famous Aural Specialist.

Deafness Affects all the Senses and Faculties.

"The prevalent idea that the loss of one sense is compensated for by the increased power of another does not hold good when applied to deafness."

Such is the sensational statement made by Professor Keith-Harvey, the world-famous ear specialist.

"For instance," he continued, "my experience in thousands of cases has amply demonstrated that the loss of hearing is nearly always followed, sooner or later, by a diminution in power of the other senses also. The reason of this is that the ear is only one servant of the sensory service of the human system. Loss of hearing is really a partial paralysis of the brain, but owing to the sympathetic connection of the various sensory nerve centres of the brain, the others indirectly concerned have to combat for their very life the demoralising influence of the affected centre.

"Let us consider, for instance, the close connection between the auditory sense and the faculty of speech. The deaf man, it must be remembered, cannot hear himself speak. Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that his speech should become imperfect? The ear is the tongue's guiding organ, and if deprived of its guidance the sufferer from deafness is in the position of one attempting to speak an unknown tongue.

"DEAFNESS AFFECTS THE EYESIGHT.

"Thus it is that deaf people, especially if the deafness be neglected, are always the victims of more or less imperfect utterance, which grows more and more imperfect as time goes on. The poor sufferer is always keenly sensitive of this imperfect power of speech, and thus many who have not quite lost the faculty of vocal expression, and who naturally hesitate to display their growing infirmity, will, whenever possible, write instead of utter their communications—and we know only too well that disuse is invariably followed by total loss of power.

"The late Dr. Kitto, too, who entered very deeply into the study of deafness in its every aspect, has left it on record that so far from his sense of sight having been rendered more acute by his loss of hearing, it was distinctly otherwise.

"Fortunately," added the Professor, who is the discoverer of a phenomenally successful cure for imperfect hearing, "only about one out of every hundred cases of incipient deafness is incapable of complete cure by my new method."

Professor Keith-Harvey's methods have by universal acclaim taken first place as the only invariably successful physiological method of restoring the full power of hearing, even in cases that had already been branded as "incurable" under other old-time methods. Every deaf reader, as well as those who have reason to fear that this terrible affliction of deafness is creeping on them, can learn from Professor Keith-Harvey's remarkably helpful book just how to check and cure his (or her) trouble. It is satisfactory to note that the success of the professor's methods is not dependent upon painful, dangerous, and expensive surgical operations, or any obnoxious and injurious ear injections. Space will not permit of a description of the method here, but it appears in full in the pages of the professor's new book, which also contains the personal experiences of many one-time sufferers from deafness. A copy of this book will be sent, gratis and post free, to every applicant who will write for it. Address — Professor Keith-Harvey (Room 341), 117 Holborn, London, E.C. Professor Keith-Harvey also sends free advice to any reader who sends particulars of his or her case.

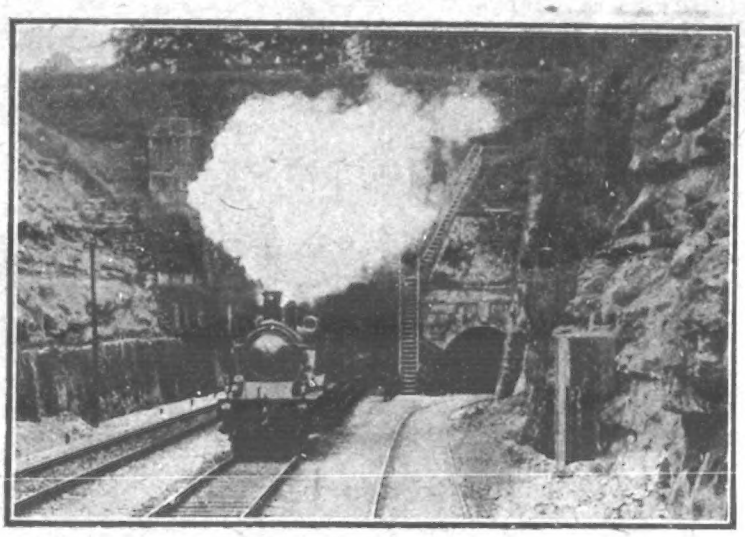
P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Gooseberry Caterpillars.

Since the dry spell of June the caterpillars on the gooseberry bushes have become a very serious trouble. It takes an experienced eye to detect the first comers of these tribes, which pass under the common names of loopers, tent caterpillars, and winter moths. Pear, apple, plum, cherry, and all our hardy bush fruits each have their special insect foe or foes. At present we are bent on exterminating that which is infesting the gooseberries. An old custom is to stick twigs of green elder amongst the bushes, with a view to giving the caterpillars something they do not like the taste of. It does not act as a remedy once they come. A good plan, in fact, the best plan we can put into practice, is to hand-pick and crush under foot the earliest arrivals of them. The practised eye will detect them readily enough if a careful search be made every morning. We make a rule of thinning the berries early when we have a fair crop on the bushes. It is during this operation that we keep a look-out for the caterpillars. Those that have spun a tent we quickly destroy by dusting from underneath as well as above with helebore powder. When a colony of loopers has bred on a few adjoining leaves, and has not yet spread, we pick off the leaves and crush them on the path. Should a bush have become thoroughly infested we dust a handful of dry quick-lime on the ground beneath. We then give a sharp blow or shake to the bush, and the caterpillars, taken thus suddenly, lose their hold and fall to the ground. There the lime will quickly kill them. A dusting of lime over the bushes thrown upwards from beneath or by using a powder distributor, saves a lot of trouble over these pests. When the caterpillars have eaten their stage through and are ready to seek a resting-place beneath the bush they feed upon, the quicklime is again a handy preventive.

Gardening v. Livestock.

The late rush of strawberries is making growers gasp. True it will soon be over; but what beggarly prices! We cannot afford to grow them at-that. What then? It would be better if the big area men put a little toil and time into something that will be sure to pay always. What about pork? There is a product which the small farmers in Denmark do remarkably well—so well that it pays them to let us have their surplus. And fine and prime meat it is. It seems that in this country, when a man like the late Sir Wm. Harcourt gives out a suggestion, whole countrysides rise at it. There never was a more silly seizure than when farmers went in big for fruit culture. If they would stick to calf rearing, and making young beef, one could back them up a little. It was a very sensible remark which a country butcher made to us last week when we were admiring a two and a half year old bullock's carcase that hung in his slaughterhouse. "The farmers might as well let us have them at that age; they would be much better paid!" So they would. Just now the country could do with a few thousand tons weekly of prime young beef. It is certain that townsfolk know very little of real country-fed beef and mutton. They never tasted it. They think that the Deptford and Liverpool killed beef is good. Good! Try them with a bit of grass-fed sirloin and steak and they will say they never ate such meat as that before. Try them with real old-fashioned farmhouse-fed pork, and see if they do not again say the same. Why should we turn England into a stud-farm to pay a few who export pedigree stock which goes to the foreign rivals of our own farmers? The pedigree-bred pigs for instance—such as this prize winner which we snapshotted the other day upon a show-field. The best of them all go to the foreigners. The litter this animal came from may have made £40 that way. But that only pays one man. We want to have the business distributed until everybody gains. Fruit and jam do not make half the turn-over that meat does. The seasons are various; they are seldom kindly; crops fail; gluts come when crops are bountiful. Everything that lends to success covers a wide set of factors. Whereas in stock of every kind, flesh or fowl, it depends almost entirely on the owner's own care and skill, and he can even make his seasons, to some extent.

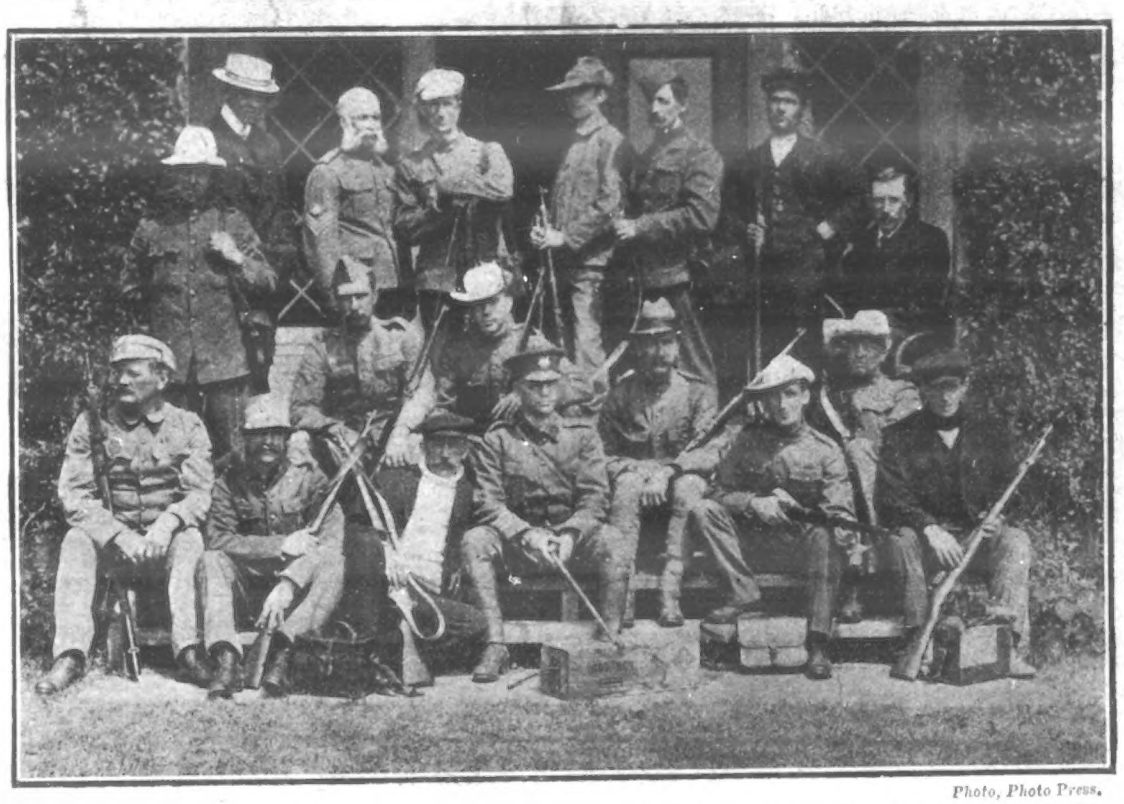


Photo, Frith.

BOX TUNNEL CLOSED: Box Tunnel, on the Great Western Railway, has been closed for repairs to lining the roof. A large fall of roof occurred twenty minutes after the permanent-way inspector had left the dangerous spot on Sunday. Tearing a hole in the roof fifteen feet by ten, and blocking both lines, the fall brought down the electric alarm wires, provided to give warning at the nearest signal cabin. It is expected it will be re-opened this week.

Photo, Reeves, Lewes.

THE MUCH-DISCUSSED JUDGE: Sir William Grantham and his son and grandson. It is stated that the Judge will probably resign after the long vacation. His conduct over Election petitions were discussed in Parliament last week.



Photo, Photo Press.

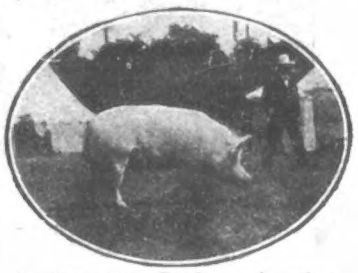
THE CANADIAN TEAM AT BISLEY: An interesting photograph of the Colonial team taken outside their hut. In the centre of the front row is Lieut.-Col. Talbot, and on his left is Colour-Sergeant Hayhurst, gold medalist.

Replies in Brief.

MARKET GROWER can still sow both runner beans and beet. It will be quite as well to fork up alternate rows of the early potatoes if he wishes to leave half of them for seed. He can then sow the beet in double drills upon the newly forked soil, and also dibble the beans in 1½ inches deep and about 3 inches apart. Those beans will not require stakes if the first bad runner that pushes be pinched back.

SMALL HOLDER.—You will, if you follow the papers, see how promising are the prospects of a definite financial helping towards getting on to the land. At Walton, in Norfolk, last Monday, Mr. Wilfred, M.P., was able, in the course of a speech, to announce that the State lands are to be made available for the people. Already a large State farm in Lincolnshire, which was going begging for a large-area tenant, has been fully applied for in small occupations.

CURL.—You designate the disease in your *nom de plume*. The potatoes are said to have it badly this year. I take it to be of American or Continental importation. It is from a fungus. It begins with the tubers, no doubt, and in its next stage of development it ascends with the sap, and attacks the leaves, causing those black blotches which you ask about. Dust quick-lime along the furrows. Cut off the diseased haulm as early as possible, and burn it, and do not plant potatoes there again for some time.



A Champion Porker: A splendid specimen of a pig raised on a Sussex farm.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

The "legitimate" stage is well represented this week at the outlying Moss-Stoll theatres. Miss Louis Frear is presenting at Hackney, an entirely new slavey part—a one-act sketch written for her by Mr. B. Soane Roby, entitled "Snooks." At Holloway Empire Frank Danby, one of Mr. George Edwardes' principal comedians, submits another new sketch, "The Chauffeur"; at Stratford Miss Winifred Hare is singing several new songs; at Shepherd's Bush is Miss Dolly Elsworthy and her company in "The Orange Girl"; while Joe Elvin is seen as "Obedient Billy," the new boy, at New Cross.

Miss Nina de Langlois, who took Miss de Sousa's place in "Castles in Spain" at Terry's Theatre when the latter joined the company at Daly's, will be seen in the character of the heroine when the piece is sent on tour.

In "The Life of a Star," the latest book by Miss Clara Morris, the great American actress, some excellent stories are told. Miss Morris quotes this advice from the late Dion Boucicault, the famous dramatist and actor. She had observed that a certain death scene had been, in her opinion, a little too long for nature, and the author-actor-manager exclaimed: "Yes, and for art, too. Never rack your audience. Touch 'em—thrill 'em—chill 'em—but never s-t-r-a-i-n 'em."

Miss Morris' telling of the story of Sarah Siddons' tryst is a fine piece of writing, and recalls a little known incident in the career of the English actress.

She brings into dramatic contrast the recital of the night of the great tragedienne's failure in London, when the pit hissed her, and of the other crowning night, when it took her to its heart, and bestowed its once repudiating self at her feet, there to remain.

A duchess had invited Mrs. Siddons to sup with her that later night, but she tersely refused, and went, instead, to the cheap lodging where she had sorrowed on the night of her failure. There she kept tryst with her former self, while her husband looked on, marvelling at the spectacle of his superb wife, on the night when London lay at her feet, whispering words of cheer and comfort to the other Sarah Siddons of the night of humiliation and heart break.

An unusually interesting recital was given last week at Steinway Hall by Miss Greta Garnier (whose portrait we published last week), assisted by M. Tivadar Nachez, and Mr Hamilton Harty. For some considerable time this gifted young lady has been welcomed by the "artistic inner ring" of London as one of our most intelligent reciters, but, owing to her having devoted herself more particularly to drawing-room entertaining, to teaching and "At home" work, her name is less known to the public than that of more widely advertised entertainers. It is a great pity, as she has the essence of charm in addition to technique and the true artistic spirit, and, therefore, her recital was all the more welcome; it gave the general world an opportunity of hearing a dainty and cultured entertainer rarely seen on the concert platform.

Born in England, but of French descent, Miss Garnier's family has given to the world eminent soldiers and sailors, as well as distinguished men of letters. She herself adapts from the French her unique French-English monologues, one or two of which she always includes when giving a two-hours' programme, and though she has had tempting offers to go on the stage she has, in deference to the wishes of her family who hold old-fashioned ideas on that subject, always declined these offers. In appearance she is slight and piquante, and her verve resembles that of Ada Reeve. Since a child she has been a keenest student of mannerisms and styles, and many a tale she tells in her own humorous manner of the punishments she used to incur for mimicking the idiosyncrasies of her grown-up friends.

Miss Winifred Hare, "the brightest and cheeriest of principal boys," who for the time being has deserted the "legitimate" for the variety stage, never moves from her home without her mascot—a beautiful Persian cat. To this cat Miss Hare attributes the phenomenal success that has attended her professional career, but others are of opinion that her brilliant record is due solely to her own personality and wonderful voice.

At the same time Miss Hare has more reason than one for pinning her faith on the cat. One night quite recently the talented actress was awakened by the excessive mewing of her favourite. Jumping out of bed she discovered to her horror that smoke was slowly curling up the stairway, and, dashing downstairs, she was just in time to avert a serious conflagration.

At another time Miss Hare owed a providential escape from death to her favourite. Once when Miss Hare was playing in the North the cat while walking across the stage started back as if stung by a serpent. Miss Hare, who was following, stopped stock-still, and it is a mercy that she did. The cat had stepped on an insecurely-fastened trap-door, and another foot forward Miss Hare would have been hurled twenty feet below. Miss Hare is successfully appearing on the Moss-Stoll tour.

Mr. Cyril Maude has formed no definite plans whatever as to the rebuilding of "The Playhouse." Mr. Frohman has several plays for him, but nothing is yet fixed as to the one in which Mr. Maude opens under his régime.

Mr. Alexander is sending out two companies with Mr. Pinero's play, "His House in Order." Miss Sterling McKinlay—a daughter of Mme. Antoinette Sterling—and Miss Oriel Lee are the two "Ninas" of the cast.

Photo, Play Pictorial.

THE "GEISHA" AT DALY'S THEATRE: Miss Gertrude Glynn, Miss Angy Filwarden, Mr. Louis Bradfield, Miss Nina Sovening, Miss Edith Fink.

Photo, Play Pictorial.

THE "GEISHA" AT DALY'S THEATRE: Mr. Robert Evett as "Reginald Fairfax," and Miss May de Sousa as "O Mimosa San."

Photo, Play P[illegible]

The "Geisha" at Daly's Th[illegible]: Mr. Robert Evett and Miss Marie Studholme.

MISS MABEL GREEN: The latest portrait of the charming young musical comedy actress.

HAVE YOU ANY SKIN ILLNESS?

Everyone wishes to have a skin free from spot, blemish, or the slightest disfigurement, but most fail to achieve this. What is also remarkable is the fact that even a single pimple on the face will make it look unpleasant, and hence everyone who takes pride in their looks is anxious to remove skin blemishes. It is, of course, a bad blunder to make a surface cure and drive the trouble inward, but if the right treatment is adopted there will be no danger of this. The trouble will be soon removed and the former sufferer will have a clear, pure, and healthy skin again.

Perfect Skin Health

There is no expense, and very little trouble involved in having a healthy skin, instead of one disfigured by spots or blemishes. If you continue to have the latter it is because you are unwilling to adopt the "Antexema" treatment, which is very simple, but at the same time marvellously successful, and is as good for such serious troubles as eczema, psoriasis, and nettlerash, as for pimples, blotches, blackheads, and minor forms of skin trouble. It is really extraordinary that anyone should go about feeling uncomfortable or looking unsightly when "Antexema" will completely clear the skin of that which disfigures it.

Forms of Skin Illness

Anyone looking through our family handbook on "Skin Troubles"—a copy of which is offered at the foot of this article—will find reference to the following amongst other skin affections: Acne, babies' skin troubles, bad complexions, barbers' itch, boils, blotches; easily chapped skin; skin troubles, affecting the ears, eyes, feet, hands, and scalp; eczema, chronic and acute; eczema of the legs, erysipelas, facial blemishes, gouty eczema; insect bites, leg wounds, lip and chin troubles, nettlerash, parasites of various kinds, piles, pimples, psoriasis, ringworm, scrofula, and shingles. These are merely some of the troubles that affect the skin, many of them unsightly, and all causing discomfort if not acute pain.

Note the First Signs of Skin Illness

Immediately your skin looks red, rough, or has pimples upon it, or anything of that kind, give it attention. Don't imagine you will get over your trouble by letting things take their course. It is because it is fancied that slight skin ailments will cure themselves that you see so many people with bad complexions or disfigured with breakings out of some kind. We have, however, been delighted by the evidence we have had of the interest our readers take in the subject of skin health, and the hundreds of letters received daily prove conclusively that our advice has been appreciated.

Impress this Fact on your Mind

"Antexema" cures every form of skin trouble, however serious, and is the very thing for every-day troubles, such as insect bites, chafed or irritated skin, due to acid perspiration or other causes. That is why "Antexema" has become a household remedy. Gentlemen who suffer from tender and irritable skin, and who therefore dread shaving, find comfort and healing in the use of "Antexema." One very strong point in favour of "Antexema" is that the moment it is applied all irritation stops. It is rapidly superseding and is far superior to cold cream or other such preparations. Cold cream merely cools and soothes, whilst "Antexema" not only soothes and cools, but also heals, which is a most important point.

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or direct post free for 1s. 3d. or 2s. 9d. We are anxious to convince you of the value of "Antexema," and we therefore make this special offer. We will send you a free sample of "Antexema," together with our most interesting illustrated handbook on "Skin Troubles," which explains the cause, nature, and cure of all forms of skin illness. Send three penny stamps for postage and packing, mention the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, and address your letter to The Antexema Company, 83 Castle Road, London, N.W.

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Dalston Lane, London, N.E.

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(Gordon's original phrase.)
A Valuable Treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Mental Depression, Exhausted Vitality, Generative Weakness and Debility in Men; their Cause, and Cure.
This book not only contains valuable remarks on ... maintaining and revitalising the impoverished Nerve Fibres, creating Nerve Force, restoring Vitality and imparting new Life and Strength to the whole body and Nervous System, and will especially interest those who wish to fit themselves for business, study or marriage. This brief work is the only one that contains any sensible advice to the inexperienced, and to all young and middle aged men will not only prove instructive, but a valuable safeguard. Sent ... on receipt of four penny stamps to any address, by CHARLES GORDON, No. ... Gardenholme Dispensary, ... ford, Yorks. ... Mention this paper.

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Purveyors by Special Appointment to
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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Practical Economy.

Now that the summer sales are once more upon us with their bewildering bargains, tempting us to various indiscretions, perhaps a word of advice (though oft repeated) may not come amiss to my readers. First and foremost it is bad shopping and false economy to buy things you don't want because they are cheap. Theoretically, every woman knows and admits this, yet in practice even sensible women are apt to lose their heads at sale times. Therefore, fair shoppers, be once more warned and study your wardrobe carefully before setting out for the sales. The best plan of all is to make a list of what you really want, and you will then recognise your requirements at a glance when you see them, and will not tire yourself or the luckless shop-assistants by turning over piles of things for which you have no use, to say nothing of the extravagance of buying such items simply because they come under your notice.

Photo, Mand.

A Young Champion: Miss Monica Grenfell with her brother. This clever little lady has just won the junior swimming competition at the Bath Club.

To Renew an Old Sunshade.

To renovate an old sunshade, one that has begun to look soiled or shabby at the seams, buy a few yards of ribbon or chiffon ruching (a remnant might be obtained for a few pence), and sew this along where the marks show. There will probably be a faint dirty line at each seam, but the ruching will cover this very effectively, besides giving a smart appearance. Add a large rosette of chiffon or a bow of ribbon to the top of the sunshade and another to the handle, and the old sunshade has been transformed into a new parasol.

Cheap may be Too Cheap.

STOCKINGS, underclothing of all descriptions, and household linen may often be replenished at this time at much below ordinary charges. Take care, though, to pay a reasonable price for every article—a price by which the labour involved in making may be justly remunerated. Often, if we stopped to consider the hours spent by our less fortunate sisters, and the wretched pay they receive, we should find little pleasure in our bargains.

Fashion's Fancies.

IN addition to the smart bolero, little capelets of lace are popular just now, and are a very becoming and dainty finish when worn with a muslin or cotton voile gown. Sometimes they are mounted on chiffon or very thin silk and set into a narrow silk neckband. They make a welcome change to the prevalent feather boa, especially to those women, and there are many such, who do not feel dressed for the street unless they wear some light outdoor wrap.

A White Season.

NEVER has white been more popular than now, and the present summer may truly be termed a white season. At most of the shops just now white muslin robes prettily trimmed with embroidery start in price at about half a guinea, the skirt made up with the exception of the back seam, and material for the bodice included.

A Word on Hats.

MILLINERS nowadays pile both fruit and flowers on the same hat. Small silk poppies and cherries sound an odd combination, but a dainty chapeau that I recently saw was trimmed very successfully in this fashion. Our old friend, the Leghorn, and big chip flop hats are in favour now, and make charming wear for sunny weather.

Two Pretty Robes.

A DELIGHTFULLY simple and dainty style in all-wool voile robes is the Mignon, price 19s. 11d. This little frock, with a tucked and guaged shirt and a tucked bodice, cut to have a bolero effect over a high waistband, is equally becoming to all figures, and, since it may be obtained in a large range of varied colourings, to every complexion also. The Ilene, a Japanese silk robe at the same price, is slightly more elaborate in design, and is very prettily trimmed with lace insertion.

Photo, Conway Gallery.

THE LATE LADY ALTHORP, who died last week. She was the wife of the Lord Chamberlain.

Height and Weight of Young Children.

THE following figures have been obtained by striking averages in several hundred children of the middle-class. They were the healthy children of healthy parents and the latter were of medium stature.

Boys: At birth, nineteen inches and seven-tenths; six pounds and four-fifths.

One year, twenty-seven inches and one-half; nineteen pounds and four-fifths.

Two years, thirty-one inches; twenty-four pounds and one-fifth.

Three years, thirty-four inches and one-fifth; twenty-seven pounds and one-half.

Four years, thirty-six inches and three-fifths; thirty pounds and four-fifths.

Five years, thirty-eight inches and four-fifths; thirty-four pounds and nine-tenths.

The figures for girls are slightly lower.

Children of the above standards would make about five feet six inches, and ten stone and a half at thirty years.

Should lovers lend each other money?

LIKE oil and water, money and love do not easily mix. Among most engaged persons there is a proper and laudable repugnance against discussing each other's financial resources more than is absolutely necessary. But occasionally circumstances arise which render lover-like conferences on the subject unavoidable. Exchanges of confidence, too, of this kind are also often desirable and of great value.

Money is, after all, only a convenience, a commercial commodity; and there is no real reason why sweethearts should not help each other with money any more than with many other things. It is as reasonable, and sometimes more satisfactory, to borrow or lend cash as an umbrella, a hunter, or a motor-car.

Apart from trifling advances, which do not merit serious discussion, the reason why lovers' loans do not always afford complete gratification is often because they are not properly made. Slipshod, unbusiness-like methods are frequently employed, which naturally lead sometimes to misunderstanding and disagreement.

No one would expect, nor is it necesary in the negotiation of a loan between lovers, for either side to exhibit a lawyer-like shrewdness for the purpose of self-interest. Far from it. But for the sake of common sense and future happiness a clear understanding embodied in writing will help to prevent mistakes which might otherwise endanger the courtship. It may be urged that lending and borrowing is seldom a perfectly satisfactory business between lovers. But neither is it between any other persons.

It is surely better to borrow from, or lend to, one who can be trusted than from a mere acquaintance or a professional money-lender.

Respectable people borrow, as a rule, only as a matter of necessity; and the fact that there are some dastardly lovers in the world who deliberately swindle their sweethearts does not prove the contrary.

It only proves the need of ordinary caution. And this can be best exercised by having a clear knowledge of the exact purpose for which the proposed loan is required. This settled, the next step is for both parties to earnestly consider the chances of success which the investment seems to promise; or the likelihood which exists of the would-be borrower being able to repay the debt within a certain specified time.

If, however, no definite date for repayment is mentioned, the borrower would do well to see that he or she should be given an agreed-upon period of notice at any time the lender may wish to withdraw the money. Otherwise great inconvenience may be experienced by anyone who is suddenly called upon to pay back a sum of money which has, perhaps, been invested in such a way that it cannot be quickly withdrawn.

Loans in which the purpose is unknown to the lender, or in which no business-like understanding is not arrived at, ought not to be granted even between sweethearts.

There are, of course, plenty of lovers who lend freely, careless as to when they are likely to be repaid, and careless as to whether they are ever repaid or not. And when the means at command justify such generosity one cannot but admire this spirit.

Photo, Conway Gallery.

THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND: Miss Ethel McCaul, who has been appointed by the King to be lady visitor to the Midhurst Sanatorium. She was the founder of the Union Jack Club.

Photo, Topical.

Fifty-two Years' Service: Mr. G. French, late head of the counting house at W. H. Smith and Sons, who has retired after fifty-two years' service.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

With the rapid growth of newspapers and the multitude of new books there has sprung up a new and serious menace to the well-being of the nation. We have begun to breed a race of *men who never think.* Every day one meets them: in the office, in the home, in the train, in streets and public places—men who skim through a daily paper and adopt other people's opinions without ever stopping to inquire into the merits of the case or to amplify their knowledge of the subjects in which they are interested with a reference to authorities at first hand.

Some, indeed, are even so negligent, so slovenly in their mental processes, as to accept views on matters of Imperial importance and of supreme significance to their own future welfare as citizens without so much as taking the trouble to read both sides of the question. This, with good newspapers at two for a penny, is surely sheer callousness.

Photo from life by Bennett.
Resuscitated!

Every man ought to be able to afford one Conservative and one Liberal newspaper a day, so as to

Photo, Bennett.
A charming study of child life.

keep in touch not only with the events which are stirring the world every morning and evening, but also with the thoughts and teachings of great thinkers on the great social problems of modern civilisation.

But there is still more to do, even when both sides of any question have been read. You need to think about it, consider it carefully, and form conclusions of your own. Those people who never stop to think for themselves, never initiate anything for themselves, but take all their thoughts and all their actions from some book or newspaper or friend, have been admirably satirised by Rudyard Kipling in a poem which he wrote a number of years ago entitled "Tomlinson."

Unfortunately, it does not lend itself very readily to quotation, so I cannot give you any extracts from it here, but I should like to recommend you to obtain it from the local library and read it through. You will find it in the last few pages of "Barrack-room Ballads."

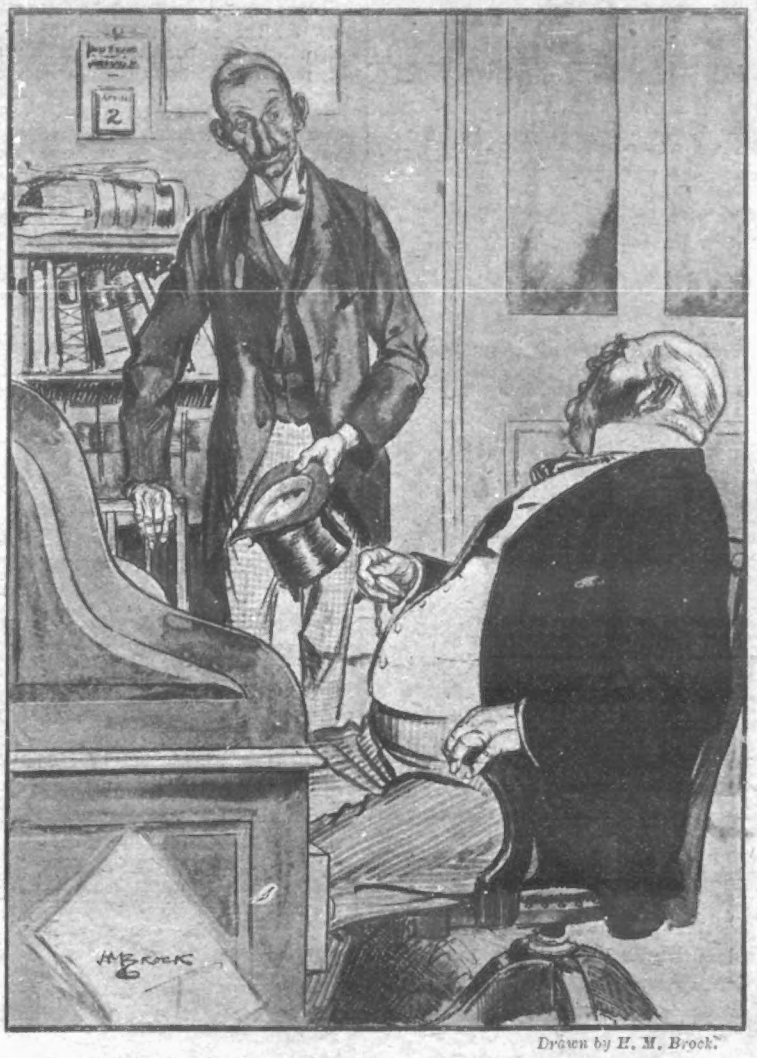
In conclusion, I might add that, necessary as it is at all times to keep oneself well informed on the topics of the day and on the special branches of study which relate most closely to one's work in life, there are very many things which it is equally necessary to learn, and which you will not find written in the pages of any book or newspaper that was ever printed.

You want to study life itself, as well as topics, at first hand. You want to study human nature and the characters of men and women so that you may be able to appraise the nature of the people with whom you come in contact almost at a glance. Here is what Mr. Robert Blatchford, the editor of the *Clarion*, and one of the leaders of the present Labour movement in Parliament, has written of his early days:

"One of Artemus Ward's Lives of Famous Men runs thus: 'Up to the age of forty John Smith never showed any signs of ability. He has never shown any since.' And I might say of myself, 'Before I was sixteen I had no education. I have had none since.'

"I learnt to read and write: I don't remember how. I taught myself grammar, arithmetic, and shorthand; and I read all the books I could get hold of for years and years. But I never was educated, as the word is generally understood. And yet I learned. And I often think if some of us were to emulate Marcus Aurelius, and set down from whom we learnt certain things and what the things were, the documents would afford curious reading.

"I learnt from soldiers and sailors, from tramps and peasants, from girls in dancing-rooms, and from beggars in the street. I learnt from actors and journalists, from blacksmiths and bargemen, from parsons and poachers, from colliers and slum children, from my wife and my babies, and my mother and my friends. I learnt from the great poets and thinkers and teachers of the world. I learnt from poverty and from failure, and from enmity and from love. I learnt strange lessons, not taught in schools, and I hope I shall never be ungrateful, nor puffed up with vain conceit, and that some at least of the much I owe shall be paid back to the world which was so good to me in the days of my youth." VALENTIA STORER



Drawn by H. M. Brock.
"OH, TAKE THE CASH AND LET THE CREDIT GO!"
Man of Business: "I can spare you five minutes, but, you know, my time is money."
Gentleman of Leisure: "I shall be happy to take it in that form."

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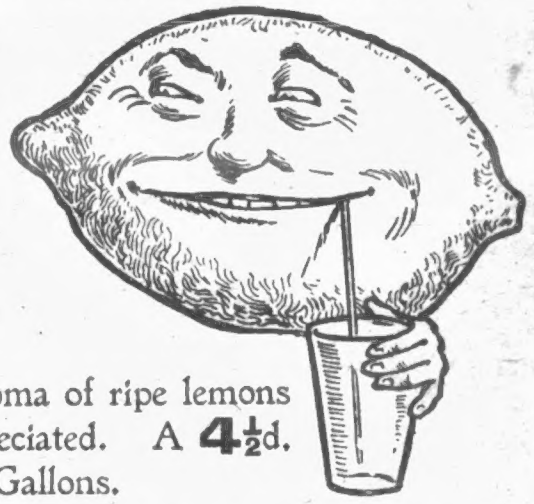

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THE GREAT PLOT.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Hubert Hutton Pays a Call.

Douglas Kenyon was surprised, but nevertheless highly gratified, when his intimate friend, Hutton, sent him a wire from King's Cross saying that he would be down at Stamford that same evening.

Since that terrible blow that had marred his happiness he had developed into something of a misanthrope. Hitherto he had been extremely popular in the local society of that quiet, old-world Lincolnshire town, but since Nella's tragic end he had refused all invitations and had grown moody and morose. Therefore he welcomed the advent of Hutton with his cosmopolitan chatter, his amusing stories, and his witty gossip about men and things.

"Got sick of Paris, my dear fellow," Hutton laughed, as he entered the hall and gripped his old friend's hand, "so I thought I'd run over and spend a week or so with you. I know I'm always welcome—eh?"

"Welcome! Why, of course, Hubert," rejoined the other enthusiastically. "You know you are. I've been your guest in Paris lots of times and put you to no end of bother, I know."

And after the man had divested the cosmopolitan of his travelling coat, the pair entered the fine old-panelled dining-room to have a nip before dinner.

"Well, old chap?" asked Hutton, in his cheery way when they were seated that same night over their coffee and liqueurs in the cosy room which served Kenyon as a den. "Any news in this quarter? Tell me," and as he lit a cigarette he watched the other's face across the flame.

"News?" responded the young landowner. "There's never any news in this dead-alive hole."

Hutton smiled, saying: "No, Stamford always strikes me to be a place where no one ever stirs out save on a market-day. But how are they at Ailesworth?" he added, for he had led up the conversation in an endeavour to find out something regarding the Milbournes.

"The same as ever, I believe," was his friend's rather sad reply. "When I go there painful memories always return to me, therefore I have practically ceased visiting them. They quite understand the reason."

"Ah! of course," sighed Hutton sympathetically. "Neither of the other girls engaged yet, I suppose?"

"Sylvia's engagement with young Wingate, of Peterborough, has been broken off. You met him, I believe—a thorough young prig. Ethel has never fallen in love, and never will."

"The blue-stocking of the family!" he laughed, and then for a few moments remained thoughtful. Presently he went on: "I think I ought to call one day. It would only be a compliment. I suppose you wouldn't care to come?"

"No, thanks, was the reply. "You can have the dogcart any time you like, but you must really excuse me, old fellow. I quite agree that you ought at least to leave a card on Mrs. Milbourne The Squire is away in Scotland, I've heard."

"Very well," Hutton said, pleased at his skill in bringing forward that very delicate subject. "I'll run over the day after to-morrow." And then their conversation drifted to idle subjects.

Although the men were intimate friends, Hutton had never grown sufficiently confidential to mention with distinctness any of his little affairs of the heart. Kenyon had often wondered at this, for an easy-going cosmopolitan of his friend's type was bound to be an admirer of women and perhaps a victim of them. But as he never invited discussion upon his own affairs, Kenyon studiously avoided prying into what, after all, did not concern him.

Their meeting, however, was gratifying to both. Kenyon, with the sun of his life for ever extinguished, had for weeks been longing for congenial company, and now that Hutton had suddenly come upon him he intended that he should make a long stay, and have, as he termed it, "a good time."

On the second day of his visit he went over to Ailesworth, as he had arranged, intent on seeing Mrs. Milbourne alone and obtaining from her some further points concerning her eccentric brother. The mission was certainly a delicate one, and would, he knew, require considerable tact and diplomatic misrepresentation in order to accomplish successfully.

Mrs. Milbourne and Ethel were out collecting for the village clothing club, and the only member of the family at home was Sylvia. As he followed the servant across the big square hall and past the foot of the old-fashioned staircase recollections of the tragedy came back to him in a flash—how he had watched Kenyon's bride gaily ascend the stairs, and how, a few moments later, she had died in his arms. He had often wondered, as others had done, why the Milbournes had not left the house after the tragedy, but he supposed that the amount of land which the Squire possessed, and perhaps his financial position, rendered it impossible for him to quit the place.

It was certainly with a fluttering in her heart and with just the faintest suspicion of a blush upon her cheeks that Sylvia rose from her chair to do the honours of her home.

"I'm awfully sorry mother is out," she exclaimed when they had shaken hands and seated themselves; "but she'll be back for tea in half an hour. You'll stay, won't you?"

He thanked her, and then, surprised to notice how she had improved in those few months, he settled himself to chat to her. When he had attended Kenyon's wedding she still possessed the taint of the schoolroom, and was shy and awkward. But she had, it seemed to him, suddenly blossomed forth into early womanhood, and possessed an easy charm of manner and a lightness in conversation that from the first captivated him.

He allowed her to chatter on, while he sat back in the roomy old-fashioned arm-chair regarding her with critical wonder.

"You know," she was saying, "we've often inquired of Mr. Kenyon where you were. But he always tells us you are such a wanderer that he never knows where you are."

He smiled, and admitted that such was the truth. Hitherto his movements had been very erratic. But he now intended to reform his ways, and was even contemplating settling down in England.

"Ah!" she laughed, "you men who travel always come home again at last. My poor Uncle Austen did, and he was a great traveller."

"Yes, poor fellow. He was, as you know, a friend of mine years ago. He died in this house, if I remember aright?" he asked, quickly interested.

"Yes. His end was quite sudden, and I was with him when he breathed his last. Poor Uncle Austen! He was so very eccentric that many people believed him to be a trifle mad."

"In what way was he eccentric?"

"Well, in every way," she said. "He used to spend his days in scribbling sheet after sheet of utterly unintelligible writing, and then, when he had finished it, it would not exactly satisfy him, and he would burn the lot."

"How did you know that the papers were unintelligible? They might have been in some foreign language."

"Because after his death father had some of the papers submitted to experts in London, who could make neither head nor tail of them."

Hubert was silent. So the old Squire had endeavoured to learn his brother-in-law's secrets, and had failed.

"About one of the documents he seems to have been very careful," she went on. "It was quite a small piece of old parchment, but it was concealed among his jewellery and other valuables in his dispatch-box. Father has sent that one to some Professor at Oxford, I believe, but up to the present it has not been deciphered."

"And is it still at Oxford?" he inquired eagerly, for if Leigh himself took such care of it, it was surely dangerous to allow it to be passed openly from hand to hand.

"I heard father remark the other day that the Professor had passed it on to somebody else."

Then, after a brief pause, he said: "Your mother told me that your uncle's death was peculiarly sudden. Did he retain his senses until the last?"

"Quite," she answered. "Indeed, there was an injunction which he gave me with his dying breath that is still a mystery, and will, I suppose, ever remain so. When he knew that his strength was failing he pointed suddenly across to the opposite side of his room. For some time the sounds he articulated were unintelligible until at last he managed to say: 'See! The Great Ishak! Hide it—hide it, or death!' Wasn't that a curious injunction?"

"Very curious," responded her visitor thoughtfully.

"The doctor says that his mind probably wandered at those last moments. Yet the curious fact is that, when he pointed while uttering those warning words, he indicated a quaint old Arab tom-tom, in which we afterwards found his will concealed."

"Remarkable!" ejaculated Hutton, well pleased at having been afforded an opportunity of questioning the actual witness of Leigh's death. Indeed, from the charming girl who had so suddenly come into his life since his first visit there he had gained more knowledge than he would probably have done from Mrs. Milbourne. "And have you all failed to discover what he meant by the Great Ishak?"

"Absolutely," was the reply. "Father, aided by his lawyer, has left no stone unturned in his inquiries, but what poor uncle meant is still an absolute enigma. You see, he was so very eccentric that we have come to regard those words as mere dramatic eccentricity. And yet, somehow, I often think that a deeper meaning is attached to them than we are aware. What is your opinion?"

"I'm inclined to agree with you," he answered. "It's a mystery—a very remarkable affair indeed."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Some Suspicions.

When Mrs. Milbourne returned she greeted Hutton with pleasant surprise. With a matron's quick perception, she had recognised in him a man of high intelligence and well-balanced character, therefore she welcomed him warmly, and expressed regret at her absence.

"But, of course, Sylvia has entertained you," she added laughing.

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Milbourne. "Are you really going to settle in England again?"

"I am contemplating doing so," he replied. "At present I am undecided. My friend, Kenyon, is trying to persuade me, and, to tell the truth, I've become rather tired of Paris. For a few years it is all very well, but in the end there's nothing like an English country life."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so," she exclaimed laughing. "You are not quite the expatriated Englishman that I once thought you, for you still believe that, after all, there's no place like England, although everyone may abuse it."

Then the conversation turned upon the Paris plays and the Paris fashions, and Hutton, being a practised gossip, quickly interested them.

Tea was already over when the door opened, and Grace Fairbairn, still in her hat and jacket, entered. She wore a veil, and as she came in in the gathering darkness Hubert at first failed to recognise her.

"You know Miss Fairbairn?" said Mrs. Milbourne. "An introduction is not necessary, is it?"

"Really!" he said, rising and taking her hand. "Pardon me, but in the twilight I couldn't see your face."

Then he seated himself, and, while the companion laughed, he became lost in thought.

Grace began to explain how she had driven into Peterborough in the governess cart to buy some music and do a little shopping. She had met this person and that, and had, with a woman's keen scent for anything approaching gossip, learnt several titbits regarding their neighbours. Every cathedral town is a centre of scandal, and certainly Peterborough was no exception. The intimate domestic arrangements of everyone were known, from that of the Bishop's wife at the Palace down to the pompous and buxom spouse of the local butcher-alderman.

Hutton sat listening to Grace Fairbairn's chatter, which was evidently of the greatest interest to the others, and when at length the lamp was brought in he fixed his gaze upon her countenance and regarded her with rather curious reflections.

On the day of his presence at the wedding feast he had taken but little notice of her, save to satisfy himself that she was passably good-looking and possessed a neat figure. But to-night, as she sat beneath the high standard lamp, with its big yellow shade, he photographed every feature of her countenance upon his memory.

(To be continued.)

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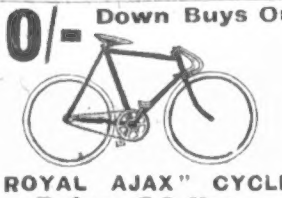

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